TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

It is difficult to read with patience the unmitigated rubbish talked by Mr. Mowat and his followers in Tuesday's debate on the bill dividing Toronto into two registry divisions. Every speaker on the Liberal side knew his position to be false, yet they all posed as patriots and their colleagues were able to hear their words without bursting into roars of laughter. The art of insincerity, of talking pretentious flapdoodle, of pretending that their most disreputable acts have been done in the public interest, has been brought to such a state of perfection that even the members from the back townships have acquired sufficient self-control to hear it without grinning. Mr. Mowat, than whom there are few more felicitous speakers, has been the headmaster in this school of political hypocrisy, and his supreme qualifications for the position were never more clearly shown than when he rose to defend his act to divert money belonging to the city of Toronto to the capacious pockets of Mr. Peter Ryan. He did it without blushing or being covered with confusion by the thought that every one who heard him remembered a similar misuse of his power, intended to benefit his own son who is now Sheriff of Toronto. He declared—I quote from the *Globe*—"that the act was drawn up in the interests of the city of Toronto, and defied the leader of the Opposition to point out one single item of the bill that would go to show that he was inconsistent with his past record." Certainly he has not been inconsistent with his recent record; the shrievalty proves that he is willing to pension his family and friends on the public, but that the bill is in the interests of Toronto is so ludicrously untrue that it will make the readers of the *Globe* either snicker or blush.

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That the duties of the Registrar of Toronto are arduous, no one who knows anything about it will assert. They are performed by subordinates, whose average pay, I venture to say, is not more than two dollars a day. Let us understand this question. The fees of the office three years ago were in the neighborhood of $18,000; the following year they were increased to $25-000; last year to about $33,000, and this year they will probably be about $38,000 or $40,000. There is a sliding scale for regulating the income of the Registrar under which that official receives all of the first $2,500 of fees; after the fees pass that amount ten per cent. goes to the municipality, and so on up to $4,500, after which fifty per cent goes to the municipality. Thus a very large amount every year is returned to the city of Toronto. In order to prevent this and provide a comfortable berth for Mr. Peter Ryan a second Registrar is to be appointed, and instead of the over-plus being returned to the taxpayers a large portion of it becomes the property of the new official who will be located under the same roof and sitting in the lap of the present Registrar who probably had either to accept this readjustment or retire.

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When Parkdale was brought into Toronto Mr. Mowat insisted that Registrar Ridout should be paid $1,500 indemnity for loss of fees. How much does he intend to pay Registrar Lindsay? It would be in keeping with his present policy if he forced the city to not only pay Mr. Ryan but to indemnify Mr. Lindsay. If there is anything in the doctrine of the vested rights of a Registrar, Mr. Lindsay has very large rights. Toronto has to pay for the increased accommodation, and in fact, has to foot the whole bill. Of course it is all right to collect this Peter's Pence from the city because, as far as the electors are able, they send Conservative representatives to the Legislature. Even our representation in the Legislature has been interfered with by this worthy gentleman who does nothing except "in the public interest." He has made this city a pocket borough for one of his supporters, and has divided the shrievalty of the city and county. He now proposes to divide the Registry Office; the Division Court has been divided; he has refused to grant the city a charter, and now that we need special legislation, the city council has to remain dumb lest if they utter a protest the legislation absolutely necessary will be refused. Is there anything left for him to divide; is there any other way he can show his utter disregard for the opinions and well being of this city? The License Commissioners, one of whom Peter Ryan is which, so to speak, have the twitch on the nose of every hotelkeeper, and the honorable gentleman has certainly got the thing down to about as fine a point as it can be reduced. Mr. Mowat does not care for what Toronto thinks nor is he solicitous about what we have to pay. He remembers nothing but that this city is opposed to his administration.

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Mr. Dance, who was elected by the Liberals in East Elgin a few months ago, pledged to a reform in the method of appointing Registrars, etc., voted with Mr. Mowat. I wonder how he will be able to explain his vote when he returns to his constituency for re-election. It is evident from the coercion of Mr. Dance that no reform in this matter can be expected from the Government side of the House. On the other hand what is Mr. Meredith doing? He certainly has vigorously opposed this bill, but legislation is necessary which will prevent such rank extravagance, such injustice to localities. His proposition to place the appointment of county officials in the hands of the municipal councils fails far short of what is necessary. Why does he not at once propose the election of such officials by the people? If he devoted himself to it instead of urging a township policy in the matter of Parliament buildings, he would be advancing the interests of his party. It is necessary for him to have some broader question than the expense of providing a suitable building for the legislature and public offices of the Province. Until he proposes some system which will make impossible acts similar to the one under discussion, he will be suspected by the people of a desire to retain the offices until he gets a chance to fill them with his supporters, and the record of both political parties is such that the public have no faith that he would not abuse the position as notoriously as it has been abused by Mr. Mowat. He might not desire to do it; it is possible Mr. Mowat does not desire to do it, but Mr. Mowat has done it, and is doing it, and the general electorate will believe that while it remains possible, the same opportunities, coupled with the same temptations, would result in similar conduct were Mr. Meredith in power.

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MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY MACBETH.

If it is a fact, as I have been informed, that the city council has not used its influence against this measure because Mr. Mowat's friends have a majority there, the rate-payers should take note of it and see that such a thing does not occur again. As Premier Mowat is session by session giving greater evidence of his inability to resist the spoilsmen of his party, it is impossible to tell to what length he may be forced to go. Toronto should be careful not to provide him with the excuse that the council did not protest and resist, as far as lay in its power, this voting away of money which is not and should not be within his power to appropriate.

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The collapse of the *Times* case against Parnell, is probably the greatest humiliation the Thunderer has ever received. Supported in its attacks on the Irish leader by all the power and influence of the Government, after having expended vast sums of money in procuring evidence, it seems likely to come out of the whole affair with loss of reputation to itself and with the probability of being blamed for the defeat of the Government. Many of the disclosures in the investigation were exceedingly damaging to the Irish party, but this will be forgotten if Parnell himself is found innocent of having been a participator in the outrages which have been proven. Public opinion in England will resent the attempt of the Government and a powerful newspaper to destroy an opponent. No reasonable man will believe that the *Times* people were aware that the letters were forgeries, but this will not excuse them, inasmuch as they did not use proper care in testing their genuineness. The *Times* people thought they were performing a great public duty. Many newspapers endeavoring to do the same have made mistakes and have been forgiven. The *Times* is too great an institution to be permanently injured by its error, but an Englishman always hates to see a Government or a wealthy corporation persecuting one man. This British love of fair play is apt to be with the man, even if the people are afraid he is wrong, but when they find out that he is right their love of justice brings about a startling reaction in his favor. In the present instance should the country be appealed to, Mr. Gladstone's hands would be vastly strengthened. That such despicable scoundrels as Pigott have been employed by the anti-Irish party will suggest to the English people that other rascals of the same type are in the pay of the Government, and the result will be to discredit even the truthful witnesses who have testified as to the methods of the Land League. Already the newspapers of England are giving voice to this sentiment, and it is doubtful if the Liberal Unionists can hold together as a party much longer.

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Public opinion is a queer thing. When writing about the allowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill I deplored as one of the results of the agitation such as is now going on the tendency of Protestants to inflict the odium of conspiracy against Protestantism upon their Catholic neighbors who have really no more part in controlling the policy of the church than I have. In an evening paper of Wednesday I saw a long article avowing that the nuns of Notre Dame were endeavoring to proselytize Protestant girls in their charge. Simmered down, the charge amounts to but little. Two sisters are in the convent; the elder one is already a Catholic, and the younger, a child of ten years, is asked by the nuns to attend prayers. This the Sister Superior shows to be in accordance with instructions given by the child's mother who is a Protestant. Under the circumstances I cannot see how the nuns can be blamed. If Protestant parents send their children to convents to be educated they must take the chances of the youngsters growing up in the Catholic faith. Proselyting of this sort is more frequently the result of close association day and night with Catholic children than the work of the nuns themselves. If instructions are given that pupils shall attend prayers, such a result is more likely to happen. The service is one that appeals with peculiar power to the childish mind. The altar lights, the incense, the music of the service, which have a wonderful effect, as they are designed to have, on the mature mind, must be still more attractive to the imagination of childhood. As I pointed out, the excitement in Notre Dame is the result of agitation. The Catholics, more than the Protestants, have reason to regret that donation of $400,000. It has set the two bodies at loggerheads, prejudice has been excited, and the excitement will cause every Protestant to insist more sternly than ever on the absolute separation of Church and State. Many unjustifiable things will be said and done by Protestants. As large sums in subscriptions by Protestants to Catholic institutions will be cut off within the next few years as the Mercier donation amounts to; and considering the peculiar relations between Catholics and Protestants in this country, the former not only sentimentally, but financially, will be the losers by the Quebec Government's unjustifiable appropriation.

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On Monday Grover Cleveland ceases to be President of the U. S. and a much smaller man takes his place. What the policy of the Republican party towards Canada will be must shortly be seen. It seems to be an unfortunate time to discuss Unrestricted Reciprocity in our parliament. Our Yankee neighbors are able to state their case with sufficient clearness and to assert their rights with such a sturdy inclination to claim everything in sight that it is in questionable taste for one of our political parties to undertake the task of defending them in our Parliament. If we get arguing amongst ourselves and blaming one another and asserting that they have been badly used it seems to me it will but make them insist more strenuously on their most outrageous demands. Let them retaliate if they went to; we are not dependent upon them. If Canada cannot exist without them we ought to demonstrate it to ourselves, and then, when hunger and despair have gripped us will be time enough to get down and beg them to be kind to us. If we can exist and prosper without them it would be a proud thing to demonstrate it, and I thoroughly believe we would be better off if we had to stand aloof from them. While things are in the transition period in the United States we would certainly occupy a more dignified position if at least we said nothing and went about our work as if thoroughly conscious of the justice of our cause and doggedly determined to have what is ours.

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I have received a handsome little book containing Mr. H. K. Cockin's poems. During the time he was assistant editor of SATURDAY NIGHT many of his charming verses appeared in these columns. He has the story-telling faculty well developed, and his poems possess an unusually dramatic quality, well suited for recitation, and the present collection, I understand, was specially prepared for that purpose. Very few writers of verse in Canada have done better work than Gentleman Dick o' the Greys, the Death of Burnaby, and a score more of Mr. Cockin's poems that I might mention. I am very glad to know that the book is having an excellent sale.

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I find I have excited some interest in the question of the unsightly poles which are being erected on Jarvis street, and from the expressions I have heard it only needs some one to start the agitation, when the Mayor and Council will be waited upon with a demand or at least a petition for protection from these eye-sores. If a hundred and thirty thousand dollars are to be spent in paving the streets and fixing the boulevards, it would be a crying shame to have it done before the wires are put under ground. It cannot be long before a general demand will be made for underground wires, then Jarvis street will have be torn up or to remain disfigured. Now is the time to attend to it. If the property-owners have to pay something extra I am inclined to think they would pay it rather than have the present condition of things continue. If, however, the property owners do not agitate and show that they take some interest in the matter, the electric light people and telephone and telegraph companies will be allowed to take possession of the street and do just as they please. Won't someone take this matter in hand at once? Where are those who were willing to work so hard to get the asphalt pavement?

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What a desolating thing a railroad accident is. It brings closer home to us than almost any other kind of disaster, the appalling nearness of death. Everyone goes on railway journeys; everyone has felt what a slight mishap would bring a wreck and death. And who is there, when sitting alone in the seat of a railway coach or lying in the berth of a Pullman, listening to the b-r-r-z-z ip of the wheels beneath, that has not conjured up some picture of the sorrow and weeping at home if something should happen and one were taken there a mangled corpse? Even the oldest traveler thinks of these things sometimes, and when we read of such dreadful things as the accident near Paris, all these thoughts come back again and with them images of the woe in the homes of those who have been injured or killed. We hear the "good-bye, dear," of the departing father, husband or brother, as he hurries away to catch the train, see the kisses, imagine the messages he is to bear to others, the pretty things he is told to buy. Then there is the waiting for him to return, then the awful news of death, and the desolation and heartbreak of the hours when the worst cannot be entirely realized, and at last comes the poor broken and mangled body! We can all see it, and the heartfelt sympathy of everyone who can feel a pang for the sorrows of others goes out to those who morn over their dead, or weep in suspense over the sufferers.

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"Do you know," said a friend to me the other day, while speaking of the intolerance of clerical organizations and the remarks thereon in the last SATURDAY NIGHT, "how the Toronto Ministerial Association first came to be formed? It was while McMurrich was mayor. There was an agitation against the social evil and I remember the special instance which created the unusual excitement. A very active church member, who had most abiding faith in his own sanctity and felt disposed to force his neighbors to be as good as himself, noticed a woman living in a cottage adjoining his palace, and from her appearance and the fact that she seemed to live and dress somewhat luxuriously, though there was no man about the house, concluded that she was not as good as she might be. The more he studied the business of his female neighbor, the more positive he became that she was a brand who had not been snatched from the burning and was an exceedingly improper individual. So sure of this did he become that he went to Chief of Police Draper and made a complaint. 'Have you ever heard any rows in the house?' the chief inquired. No, he couldn't say that he had. 'Any bad language or noise that disturbed the neighborhood?' 'No.' 'Have you seen any unseemly conduct, people going and coming at all hours?' 'No,' still he felt sure that there was something wrong. Owing to the character of the man, the Chief told him to watch the house and if he

heard any row to go after a policeman. 'But would the policeman come,' asked the deacon. 'I will give them instructions,' answered the chief, 'to go with you when you call for them.' A couple of weeks afterwards the woman appeared in the Police Court, and the story related there was that four men were in the house fighting and kicking up a row, and that the deacon had gone out and got some policemen who captured them and arraigned the deacon's neighbor for keeping a disorderly house. Then in the evidence it transpired that when the four men had entered the house the woman had told them to keep away, and had at once sent her little servant girl out after the police, but the deacon got the police first and as they approached the house the fighting began, the men commenced to pull the woman around and kick up a shindy generally. Something made the magistrate suspicious and ferretting the matter out, found that the good man had engaged these four men to go into the house and raise the disturbance. The magistrate immediately had him charged with conspiracy, while the woman was discharged. The deacon was committed for trial and ultimately convicted, though his contention that he had understood the chief of police to tell him to have the row raised somewhat lightened his sentence. He was fined twenty dollars. It seems a very unlikely thing that the Chief of Police could have been so misunderstood or that he would advise a citizen to have a disturbance created in a neighbor's house; but the good deacon, who was a member of a prominent church, had a great fuss made about it in the pulpit, the magistrate was denounced and all sorts of utterances were indulged in, and the Ministerial Association was formed to properly show the contempt with which clergymen regard courts of justice which would so far forget themselves as to punish a godly man who wished to drive a suspicious woman away from his neighborhood. What do you think of that for intolerance?"

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## Society.

When last Saturday morning it was found that the thermometer stood at several degrees below zero, and the anxiously consulted probs gave small hope of a rise, the prospect for the meet of the sleighing club in the afternoon was not encouraging. On one such day last year, or rather in the evening of the said day, not a few members of the Toronto Driving Club and their fair charges suffered most bitter more or less severe, and it was thought unlikely that those former sufferers at all events would turn out in such a temperature as that of Saturday. Many proposals were made for curtailing the drive, and for returning to town in time for dinner, and, if my information is correct, one of its most popular and hospitable members offered to entertain the club at his house in town. It was finally decided, however, that the original programme should be adhered to, and considering that only a short while previously a driving storm of powdery snow had passed over the city, it was surprising that so many as thirty members and their friends assembled at their usual rendezvous in the Queen's Park at half-past four. For the first time this season Mr. Hamilton Merritt's smart four-in-hand was absent from the meet, but his absence was in a great and worthy cause. The horn and its operator were ignominiously degraded to a simple cutter. Though its position was low its notes were high and cheery as ever, and its improvement in purity of tone and variety of melody was fully recognized. On the way out to the Eagle Hotel, Weston, the cold was intense and people's enjoyment was much tempered by the bitter suffering it caused. To hold the reins in one hand, to rub one's nose with the other, and at the same time to make one's self pleasant to the fair creature at one's left hand is no easy task, but tasks of gallantry, however difficult, are rarely impossible; amongst the ultra "swagger" members of the Toronto Driving Club, they are never so, as was proved on the afternoon in question. The two D.s' dinner, and the dance, were pleasant as always, and on the return drive the wind had dropped, and the cold was quite bearable. On such a night, with the roads in such grand order as they were, one finds the perfection of sleighing. So long as one can keep warm, and when there is no wind, a sufficiency of furs and footwarmers ought to secure this, one rejoices at the thirty-five or forty degrees of frost, because it is only then that one can enjoy the real music of the runners as they sing over the metallic hard-beaten snow. It was on the way home that a gallant committeeman sought the bottom of a deep ditch, and for a proper investigation of it, used his nose and that of his fair companion. I only hope that the snow just there was not metallic, and it can hardly have been so, for I hear no damage, save a broken sleigh, was the result, and the noses of the two investigators tell no painful tales.

Mr. Forbes and Miss Forbes of London, England, are staying with friends in town. This lady and gentleman have long left the shadow of their own cathedral towers, and having begun a lengthy tour at New Orleans, are gradually working their way towards the Polar regions. On Sunday last they were fully persuaded that they had reached them.

Though the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith on Monday was small, it was pleasant, as are all parties at that fine and venerable mansion, the Grange. This affair was announced for two weeks ago, but as it then clashed with a fashionable concert, Mrs. Goldwin Smith most kindly postponed it. Although the house is anything but small, none of the rooms are very capacious, and Mrs. Smith knows better than to spoil the pleasure of all her guests by the discomfort of overcrowding. Hence her invariable success as a hostess. This affair was given in honor of the Misses Homer Dickson, for long the guests of Mrs. Smith.

Miss Dawson has returned from her visit to Sir Frederick and Lady Middleton at Ottawa, and has speedily given practical evidence of her presence. Her skating party at the Victoria Rink on Wednesday was a great success. At most skating parties this winter, supper has been served in the club rooms at the rink, but Miss Dawson brought her friends home and regaled them at 36 College avenue.

The following notes of Toronto fashionables who are wintering abroad may be of interest: Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Wynne, Miss Jones and Messrs. Edward and Gordon Jones are doing the Pyramids, etc., at Cairo-on-the-Nile. Mr. and Mrs. Crombie are probably doing at Rome what they would not do at home, namely: witnessing base-ball matches. Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox are at Florence, where they have taken a villa, and are likely to remain in it until the fever giving hot weather drives them home. Mrs. McCaul and Miss McCaul are also in Italy, at Florence when last heard from, while the same happy country contains Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meyrick Bankes. The latter are occupying a house at San Remo. Fashionable Nice is made more so by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Maud Vankoughnet, and readers of the *Mail* look anxiously for their names in its cables dated from the New York *Herald* bureau in that town. Unfortunately, however, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer are not Yankees, or perhaps I should say fortunately. Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker are steeping themselves with art in the galleries and theaters of the Saxon capital, and have lately astonished Germans and English by showing how a Canadian lady can skate. One Cawthra family is reported to be in Russia, the whereabouts of the other is unknown. Mrs. Beardmore and Miss Beardmore are in Bermuda, but perhaps those islands are barely abroad, at least a lady the other day in my hearing indignantly denied that they were so; she made an invidious comparison with the Toronto Island, so I forbear mentioning people who are at the latter place.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Sydney, New South Wales, left town on Tuesday to continue their journey to England. It is not often that we are favored by visitors from the Antipodes, but when this lady and gentleman return more may come, for they made so many friends here that they cannot fail to report well of Toronto. Mr. Campbell is an ardent Imperial Federationist and speaks most favorably of the movement in his town and province. He is also enthusiastic about the advantages, beauty, etc., of the C.P.R.

Miss D'Alton McCarthy has returned to town after a short stay at Ottawa.

Mrs. Thomas Hodgins and Miss Hodgins have also torn themselves away from the excitements of the session and the capital and Toronto society greets a lady without whom none of their ball rooms are complete.

Mr. Bain of Cumberland, England, arrived this week and is staying with his father-in-law, Mr. Justice Burton. His advent is the signal for the near departure of Mrs. Bain, whom he will take back to England in a few weeks, and who will be deeply regretted.

Mr. Reginald Dunlop of Philadelphia has been spending a couple of weeks here and has been doing what little gaiety there was to be done.

Mr. Williams, R. E., for some time the guest of Mrs. Stephen Heward of Peter street, has sailed from New York to rejoin his corps at Aldershot. It is quite possible that this will not be Mr. Williams' last visit to Toronto. He has engagements here which may demand his return before very long.

Mr. and Mrs. Duggan of 33 Wilcox street gave a pleasant skating party at the Victoria Rink last Saturday.

A delightful smoking party was given on Friday night of last week at Chudleigh, the family residence of the Beardmores on Beverley street. Last Friday was Mr. Geo. W. Beardmore's birthday, and it was a happy idea to substitute a pleasant smoking party for one of the hum-drum birthday affairs of which every one is most heartily tired. The new departure was a most successful affair, and the hearty enjoyment of every one present was a pleasant and gratifying tribute to the tact and hospitality of the host. That capital *raconteur*, Mr. Eddie Rutherford, kept the supper table in a roar with his inimitable stories. Mr. Grant Stewart sang several songs in a most acceptable fashion. Mr. Hume Blake's recitation was really a most meritorious performance. Mr. H. K. Cockin's Gentleman Dick o' the Greys and The Death of Burnaby were heartily received, as were the songs given by Mr. Roly Moffatt, Captain Macdougall and others. Dr. Cowan's piano solos and the guitar accompaniments of Mr. A. Murphy and Mr. Dick Cowan were perfectly killing. A rattling good impromptu speech by Mr. Dugald McMurchy brought to a close a most delightful night. Amongst the others present were Messrs Harry Brock, Fox, Percy Goldingham, Alfred Beardmore, Fred Beardmore, G. Boulton, Harry V. Greene, Churchill, Cockburn, jr., Arthur Morphy and Ben Cronyn.

A large gathering of friends, numbering over one hundred, met at the residence of ex-Alderman Daniel Lamb to celebrate the coming of age of the worthy ex-Alderman's eldest son, Mr. P. Rothwell Lamb. A most enjoyable evening was spent in music, dancing, etc., until 2.30 a.m., when all separated, delighted with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lamb.

Lieutenant Kenneth Cameron of the Royal Carabineers has returned to England to rejoin his regiment. Lieutenant H. P. Gordon of the same regiment sails with him on the S.S. Ems.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles of the Park sail on the Sale of the North German Lloyd, for London and the Continent to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their estimable family have entered into possession of the family estates in Ireland, to which Mr. Evans has fallen heir through the death of his brother. Mr. W. and Mr. Kelly Evans, left on Wednesday to pay a visit to the ancient demesne.

Mr. A. J. Somerville and a party of Toronto ladies and gentlemen have sought the sea breezes of the South Atlantic by this week's Bermuda steamer.

Mr. F. Wyld left on Wednesday for Bermuda.

Mr. C. C. McCaul of Lethbridge, Alberta Territory, son of the late Rev. Dr. McCaul, is in the city.

The pretty little church of St. Simon's was last Tuesday the scene of a gay and fashionable wedding, and one could almost fancy himself in another clime, so redolent of flowers and radiant with tropical plants was the sacred edifice. The contracting parties were Mr. Arthur Jarvis Meredith, eldest son of Mr. Edmund Meredith, LL.D. of Rosedale, and Miss Isabel Osler, niece of Mr. E. B. Osler also of Rosedale. The ceremony was performed by the uncle of the bride, Rev. Canon Osler of York Mills, assisted by Rev. Mr. Macklem, rector of St. Simon's. The bride looked lovely in an exquisite white satin dress with train *en suite* and tulle veil fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms.

The bridesmaids, four in number, were Miss Ethel Osler, sister of the bride, and the Misses Amy and Ellie Osler, cousins, and Miss Ethel Meredith, sister of the groom, who were charmingly dressed in white surah silk with puffed sleeves and large sashes and wide Gainsboro hats. The groom, who looked happy and not one bit nervous, was supported by Mr. Vernon Plummer as best man, and Messrs. Hugh Larratt Smith, H. Wyatt and Colborne Meredith, brother of the groom, as ushers. After the ceremony the guests drove to Mr. Osler's beautiful residence, Craighlea, where breakfast was partaken of. The large billiard room was almost filled with wedding presents, testifying to the esteem in which the bride is held. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith left at half-past three to spend their honeymoon in the States, and will, on their return, reside at West Toronto Junction. The invitations were confined mostly to the relations and connections of both families, who are numerous on both sides. Those whom I noticed as present were Rev. Canon and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Miss Osler of York Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. Harry Jarvis, Mrs. and the Misses Francis, Mr. Fred Jarvis, the Misses Ord, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Cassells, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Captain and Mrs. Maule, Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, Miss Maule, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mr. Archie McLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Heward.

Mrs. Towner's At Home, Wellesley street east, Monday evening last was very much enjoyed, especially the musical part.

Mrs. Alexander Nairn gave an At Home last Monday which was largely attended. The Corletts enlivened the evening with delightful music and R. J. Lloyd eclipsed himself as caterer.

Mrs. Hugh Scott's At Home Friday evening of last week was very largely attended, over 200 invitations were issued and there cannot have been many refusals as the crowd was the only drawback to the otherwise perfect arrangements. Mrs. Scott was assisted in her duties by her daughter, Mrs. Northcote, and the Misses Hattie and Georgie Scott. Music was furnished by Professor Behner and his orchestra and every one seemed eager to show their lightness of foot and in consequence many pretty dresses will be worn no more.

The supper table was universally pronounced as having been the best that had been seen this season. Among those present were the Misses Scott, Mrs. Northcote, the Misses Maule, Miss Lotte Wood, the Misses Thompson, Miss Eva Harvey, Miss Allie Heward, Miss Davis of Kingston, Miss Hart, the Misses Gelkie, the Misses Kingsmill, Miss Ireland, Miss Ethel Meredith, the Misses Osler, Miss Cassells, Miss Muntz, Miss Hirschfelder, Miss Dumble of Cobourg, and Messrs. Meredith, Harry Jarvis, Cassells, Northcote, Gordon Heward, G. Heward, Percey Maule, Hill, Hart, Lightburn, Dr. Gelkie, Dr. Nattrass, Mr. Dick.

Mrs. Arthur Harvey of Rosedale, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bunny Harvey, left on Saturday for New York to spend a month with her married daughter, Mrs. Kinnaird Thompson.

Mrs. Armstrong (Walton Villa), Yonge street, is giving a young people's At Home from four to nine this evening.

Mrs. Henry Evans of St. Mary street has invitations out for a children's party, on March 2.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer has returned from an extended European tour. Mr. S. Nordheimer will remain in Europe for some time yet.

Miss Jessie Murray of Jarvis street gave a five o'clock tea to her young friends last Wednesday evening.

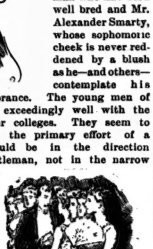
A correspondent writes: "It is a matter of regret that the correspondent who sent in to SATURDAY NIGHT the account of the concert in aid of the York Mills Church at Eglinton last week should have withheld the names of at least two of the performers whose efforts went so far towards making that concert the success it was. Both were encored—one of them three times.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Tom S. G Pepler, son of ex-Ald. Pepler, was married to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Broughall, daughter of Rev. A. J. Broughall, rector of St. Stephen's parish. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Provost Boddy of Trinity College. The church was tastefully decorated. A musical service was rendered by the church choir. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Alice Broughall, and the groom by Mr. Gilbert Lightbourn. The happy couple left by the 12.20 p.m. train for Washington and New York.

On Tuesday evening the annual meeting of officers of the Royal Grenadiers was held at the residence of Dr. Ryerson. A most flourishing condition of affairs was shown by the reports of the various committees. The following officers were entertained by Dr. Ryerson after the close of the meeting: Lieut.-Colonel Dawson, Majors Harrison and Mason, Captains Bruce, Caston, Michie, McLean, Eliot, Ellis and Manley; Lieuts. Gibson, Fitzgerald, McKay and Assist. Surgeon King. Also Lieut.-Colonel Grassett, Capt. Spencer, Dr. Ogden Jones, Mr. Bruce Harman, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, and Mr. C. Egerton Ryerson.

Insomuch as I have, at the last moment been obliged to leave out many good things sent me by correspondents, I humbly crave their indulgence.

A week ago last Thursday night I was at Trinity College conversazione, and if I had had a week instead of a few hours to study the many faces and phases of character there, it could have been employed to advantage. It is too late now for me to attempt a description of the costumes, but where the fashion and wealth of Toronto is so well represented it goes without saying that the dresses were such as are seldom seen at so large a gathering. It was quite a sight to see the ladies arrive. The costly furs and dainty fascinators lent an additional charm to the many beautiful faces, but really the society belles should not cast their most captivating glances on the susceptible undergraduate! The memory of some of the coquettish glances will disturb his studies for the rest of the term. More dangerous still I should imagine were the pretty wiles of some of the fair creatures who hung upon the arm of the scholastic youth. The whirl of the waltz I am afraid will be mixed with the rhythm of his Greek verse, and the figures of the dance will be interchangeable quantities with the figures of his mathematics. The sweet girl undergraduate is something lovely beyond compare! She looks as if she knew so much and yet she is a girl all the same. She is not bumptious like some of the high-collared youths who look with such ill concealed disdain on the timid outsider who has dared to intrude within the sacred walls of old Trinity. It is remarkable how distinctly the line can be drawn, even by the stranger who knows nothing of college life, between the young man who has been well bred and Mr. Alexander Smarty, whose sophomoric cheek is never redened by a blush as he—and others—contemplate his unmannerly ignorance. The young men of Trinity compare exceedingly well with the students of other colleges. They seem to understand that the primary effort of a young man should be in the direction of being a gentleman, not in the narrow but in the broadest sense. In my old college days a hop generally presented an array of bashful youths who could find no partner in the dance, but the college was in a little town. In Toronto it is different, and there was quite an array of fair and graceful wall flowers, young ladies, too, who were too attractive to be left gazing sadly at one another. The students at Trinity are indeed highly favored. I was going to say something about the feminine shoulders I saw—but I wont—some of them, let us humbly pray, will never be exposed again outside of a dressing-room.



## The Wanderers' Snowshoe Club.

There were several very noticeable features at the Wanderers' Snowshoe Club At Home on Friday evening, February 22. One was the absence of all crush; another, the predominance (in number) of gentlemen. The first was a decided advantage, and was indeed a grateful one to a public which had been jostled and walked over the two previous nights at Osgoode Hall and at Trinity. The advantage of the second is a disputed point. One gentleman confided to me that it was the very best thing that could happen. The dancing gentlemen of Toronto were so much in demand that they had an overweening idea of their own importance. It would do them good to have to exert themselves to get partners.

The music was particularly good. I have seldom heard Corlett's Band play as well, and the rather unusual addition of a drum marked the time beautifully. The floor was well waxed, but unfortunately very uneven. It was decidedly embarrassing in the middle of a waltz with a partner who glides, to have him "strike a snag," and thereby precipitate both himself and partner into the unfriendly arms of a post, which displayed no inclination to move aside.

These posts were emphatically another feature of the evening. I still shudder when I think how many times I escaped sudden death. I should mention that the At Home was held in the Permanent Exhibition building, and the dancing was, of course, upstairs, where the hardy dancers were not only in danger of violent collision with the aforesaid steady posts, but also of sinking with the floor down into the exhibits beneath. Leaving out these trifling drawbacks the building is a perfect place for a large dance.

The stewards, Messrs. Skerman, Daniels, Murphy, McBrien, Merrick, Thomson, Taylor, Riggs, and McCausland, were indefatigable in their efforts to provide for the entertainment of their guests. The affair was beautifully managed throughout. It was indeed a pretty sight; pretty fresh-faced girls with their bright dresses in gay contrast to their darkly-attired cavaliers. If there is anything more ghastly or more becoming than a gentleman's evening dress I do not care to see it. The electric light showed up any artificiality in the line of complexions. I observed a careful avoidance of the place lit by it. Why will girls make actresses of themselves! Surely the use of paint and powder might be relegated to the theatrical world. The electric light may perhaps prove of some social benefit. The probability is, however, that it will not.

The lady patronesses were an attractive group. Pretty Mrs. Young in pale blue silk and tulle; Mrs. Malone in a very becoming pink liberty silk gown, and Mrs. Ross in handsome black silk and lace. Then with these the other patronesses, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Hamilton and, lastly, Mrs. Trow, whose becoming black dress I admired very much. I noticed several other very striking costumes: one of very pretty soft white cashmere with a cloth of gold front, another of terra cotta and white with a queen Anne collar—one so seldom sees a graceful bow nowadays that I was particularly struck by the sweet old-fashioned courtesy of one girl in grey satin. Her dress was so simple and her bowing in the lancers so pretty, yet withal dignified, that I was reminded of a quakeress of the olden time.

Among the guests I noticed Miss Donald, pale blue silk and crushed strawberry gauze; Miss Ross, black lace trimmed with cau-de-nile satin ribbon; Miss Clara Brown, terra cotta overdress, underdress white embroidered with terra cotta; Miss Edith Toye, pale blue china silk with high collar and cream lace; Miss Bright, old gold satin with cream lace overdress; Miss Maggie Thompson, black lace with yellow ribbons and fan; Mrs. Britton, a pretty dress of shades of pink from pale cream to rose; Miss Irving, white satin with bead ornaments; Miss Morphy pale blue silk; Miss McClung, grey satin with white silk lace trimmings; Miss Macklem, pale pink tulle with sea green ribbons prettily run through the skirt; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, white tulle over white silk; Miss Gardiner, white satin with red flowers; Miss Vane, black satin and lace; Miss Carruthers, white satin with seed pearl trimming; Miss Rees, cream silk with cau-de-nile ribbons.

Following is a partial list of those present: Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. A. E. Trow, Mrs. W. Young, Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Mrs. J. M. Mackiam and Miss Macklam of Chippawa, Miss C. Smith and Miss Hatch of Whitby, the Misses Wyllie, Mrs. Wilson, Miss M. Carruthers, Miss Riddell, Mrs. W. A. Geddes, Miss K. Bradshaw, Miss M. Thompson, Miss G. Arnott, Miss M. Davidson, Miss Darby, Miss Furby of Brampton, the Misses Bright, Miss Russell, Miss Frankish, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mrs. and the Misses Jacobi, Miss M. P. Thompson, Miss B. Strachan, Mrs. Adams, Miss Notman, Miss Rose, Mrs. S. Finch, Miss Bickell, Miss McCulloch, Miss McKenzie, the Misses Vale, Miss Polson, Miss Dill, Miss Irving, Miss Phillips, Miss Courtney, Miss McClung of Bowmanville, the Misses Toye, Miss Macklem, the Misses N. and E. Smith, Miss Morrison, Miss Brownlee, Miss Warner, the Misses Hunter, Miss Anderson, Miss Dillabough of Hamilton, Miss McIntosh, Miss Fletcher, Miss Stone, Miss Buckland, Miss Hughes, Mrs. McPherson, Miss Ross, Miss Donald, Miss Weinaugh of Brantford, Mrs. and Miss Higman, the Misses Durand, Miss Clara Brown, Miss Hope, Miss Young, Miss L. Patterson, the Misses Mallon, Miss McCormack, Miss B. McKay, Miss Holmes, Miss Den Roche, Hon. G. W. Ross, Messrs. A. E. Trow, E. T. Malone, Dr. Young, J. E. Rogers, G. M. Rose, jr., C. and R. Peniston, C. Brownlee, C. E. Morrison, H. Tinning, W. E. Cassidy, H. Boyes, F. C. Daniel, L. Merrick, H. and A. Buckland, H. L. Clark, S. Samuels, R. S. Wilson, S. Robertson, J. J. Hughes, F. B. Polson, H. Morse, H. Small, W. E. Meharg, W. J. Darby, J. W. Russell, G. and H. Townsend, G. Marks, S. M. Toy, J. and G. St. Clair, W. Fischer, F. and M. Wells, H. C. McLean, A. D. Campbell, E. T. Campbell, C. G. Crawford, McPherson, B. Brown, W. Adams, J. Conway, W. M. Hall, B. F. Nicholls, J. J. Hall, K. L. Perry, J. Davidson, N. Smith, A. McKay, F. Warren, W. H. Bell, J. Skaith, A. Sims, F. Macklam, M. H. Wilson, F. A. Hall, Dr. W. B. Thistle, F. W. Rose, G. A. McKee, T. Gibbard, R. Simpson, W. F. Scott, J. Gordon, Mallon, E. McCormack, B. Wharton, W. A. Hunter, H. R. Tilley, T. G. Elgie, E. Lyons, W. Gale, Williamson, W. M. Rose, E. and H. Fletcher, J. M. Briggs, A. B. McGill of Bowmanville, A. C. McCracken, H. Goulding, Dr. C. F. Moore, W. and J. Bickell, W. J. Arnott, W. J. O'Hara, G. F. Cane, Geo. Nicholls, Dr. Rees, Donald, C. Carruthers, Geo. Orr, W. A. Geddes, H. Green, W. Harstone, S. Higman, A. Dixon, S. Finch, B. Thompson, W. G. Mitchell, F. W. Barnett, J. W. Peaker, G. B. Toye, J. Garvin, F. Ross, J. S. King, Sims Howard and W. Bradshaw.

GRETA.

The Hamilton *Spectator* of 23rd ulto. in a descriptive article announces the establishment in that city of a branch of the celebrated Berlitz school of languages, the Toronto branch of which is located at 81 King street east.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## The Directoire and the Empire.

In the salons of France was issued recently the edict that will probably rule the fashions of the civilized world for some time. It ordered that the styles which prevailed in the days of the Directoire, the Consulate, and the early Empire should be worn again by ladies.

The fashions of the day were influenced by Napoleon's restless career. The expedition to Egypt brought into fashion everything Eastern. Indian cashmere shawls, worth 8,000 francs, 10,000 francs, or 12,000 francs, formed part of every fine lady's wardrobe. The style with which she draped the folds about her figure was interpreted as a subtle expression of her personality. The fashion of wearing turbans came in after the campaigns in Italy. Mme. Mechin, dressed to represent Guido's "Cenci," appeared wearing one of fine white muslin that looked like a snowy cloud above her beautiful brows. Mme. de Stael's turban was decorated with a jewelled aigrette.

The most charming of the Directoire costumes was that worn by young girls of from sixteen to twenty at evening gatherings. The illustration we present will give an admirable

"DIRECTOIRE."

idea of its grace. The waist was confined by a girdle of gold, the clasp formed of an antique gem. Cameos at the shoulders held the sleeves in place; bracelets adorned the arms, and a necklace of pearls encircled the throat. Older women, however, were more extravagant in jewelry.

The beautiful Mme. Tallien wore at a ball a diaphanous gown, the folds falling like the drapery of a statue by Phidias. Her garters were of gold; a girdle of gold bound her waist, clasped by an antique gem; cameos at the shoulders held the drapery of the almost sleeveless tunic; every toe of her stockingless feet, shod in purple sandals, was laden with rings; on one arm was a bracelet of gold, fashioned like a serpent, the head of which was formed of a single emerald. Mme. Leclerc, Bonaparte's sister, appeared at a ball as an animated Greek statue of a Bacchante. Her hair was dressed with bands of spotted fur, simulating that of a tiger, surmounted by grapes of gold. Her fine India muslin dress was bordered with a golden wreath of vine leaves; her Greek tunic was fastened at the shoulders by cameos, and was likewise edged with vine leaves, the short sleeves adorned with more cameos; a girdle of gold, fastened by an antique gem, was worn under the bust, and bracelets of gold and of cameos encircled the arms.

France had thrown off the nightmare of the Reign of Terror. The reaction that set in resulted in a wild masquerade of eccentric costumes. The Incroyable ladies wore redingotes and waistcoats and large neckties, fastened with pins, heavy chains, and enamelled watches. We hear of these ladies clad in pink knickerbockers, fastened with diamond garters, and with jeweled bands around their hips. A craze for the antique had set in. Tunics, jewels and coronets were all copied from Greek and Roman models.

Yet, although classic models were studied,

"EMPIRE."

the ladies thought little of learning in those days. Everything was sacrificed to elegance and good manners. Witty, delightful Mme. de Pirmont, with whom Bonaparte was in love, and whom he wished to marry before he met Josephine, vowed she had never read any other book than Telemaque, and boasted that she was none the less fascinating on account of her limited education. She considered that her mission in life was to hold a salon, to look and to be charming. She and all the ladies of her acquaintance would have preferred to die rather than to take part in any violent physical exercise. Those were the days of the minuet, with its grace and stateliness.

The Directoire merged into the Consulate, and Josephine, as plain Mme. Bonaparte, held a sort of court at the Palace of the Tuilleries and at Malmaison. Although she was middle-aged she possessed a certain charm that made her appear younger than she really was. To the last she kept her slender, graceful figure.

The Cogsulate in turn gave place to the Empire with its splendor. To please the grotesque taste of Josephine, the ladies of the court wore diamonds profusely in their hair. Wreaths, coronets, and antique bands were in vogue. So extravagant were the styles that it was no unusual thing for a court dress to cost 50 louis. The masses of jewels with which the women decked themselves were almost embarrassing, gold chains twining six or seven times around the neck. Earrings were often worn with three pendants, rings adorned every finger, lockets were covered with diamonds, three or four bracelets were worn on each arm, diadems, long gold pins, and cameos were crowded in every conceivable part of the dress.

The Empress, with her passion for luxury, was delighted with all this glitter around her. She was an easy prey to every tempter who approached her with some new personal adornment. Although she had an allowance of 600,000 francs a year, she was always in debt.

Yet, amid this extravagance, good taste was not always forgotten. What, for example, could be more graceful and simple than the accompanying cut of an evening dress of the Empire period? Even the much abused cameo shows here as a charming ornament. It will be seen that pearls were worn to a considerable extent. Earrings of a large hoop design, made also of cameos and pearls, were a favorite article of adornment, and chains held the draperies of the diaphanous gowns in graceful folds.

The century is closing, and we are returning to the fashions of its opening years. Thus everything moves in circles, whether it be the slender hands that moved around the enamelled dial of watches or the whims that spin through the mind of a modern young miss.

"Time is, time was and time will be." So with fashion, always changing, never ending; old in its very newness, for the mind of man has its limits, and, as John Ruskin has very aptly said, "We cannot even imagine anything new." Think for a moment, and the truth and force of these words will be as a revelation to the reader, opening a realm of thought, as an undiscovered country, full of strange forms, fantastic and commonplace, but not new.

### The One-Legged Senator.

The contest for United States senator from Arkansaw has been settled. James H. Berry will be his own successor, all the other candidates having withdrawn from the field. Berry's history reads like a romance. He was born in Mississippi, and at the age of sixteen enlisted in the Confederate army, an ignorant country boy, with neither education nor fortune nor polish. He left a leg at Shiloh, and after the war settled at Ozark, Franklin county, where he went to school, working nights and mornings to pay for his board. Afterwards he moved to Carroll county, becoming a schoolteacher, and when he had saved money enough he furnished a house, and, writing to Ozark, invited one of the loveliest and most accomplished belles in the place to come and share it. She was willing, but her parents would not listen to such a thing. Berry then, for the first time, showed that indomitable pluck that has overcome all obstacles. He closed his school, crossed the mountain, and by the aid of a friend and a ladder, stole his lady-love from a second story window. They were married, and shortly afterwards the young pedagogue was elected to the legislature, but the old man whose daughter he had won after the style of middle age chivalry could not forgive him.

For years, however, Berry's wife and children were annual visitors at the Ozark homestead, because he insisted on it, though the doors were closed to himself. He came out of the State Legislature a lawyer, and a good one, too. When his constituents elevated him to the Circuit judgeship, his father-in-law often referred to him as "my son-in-law, Judge Berry," but never spoke to him. In 1882 the "great north-west" brought Berry out for Governor, and he was nominated by acclamation and elected by 40,000 majority. It must have been a broad and happy day for the Judge when his wife's father wrote him:

"My daughter was a better judge of men than I. Forgive me, and during your administration, when you want to slip away from the capital to enjoy a brief respite from the cares of state, I do not invite, but beg you to make my country house your home." Mr. Berry is now near the close of his first term in the United States Senate, having been elected four years ago to fill the unexpired term of Senator Garland.

### Stuck on Nero.

The special officer at the Third street depot was called upon the other day to separate a couple of men who were threatening to come to blows. One of them was an old man, and after he had been made to resume his coat, vest, comforter, cap and mittens, all of which he had doffed for the encounter, he explained:

"Darnedest set of people around here I ever saw! I got to chinking about Nero as I waited for the train, and it struck me that I had forgotten his age. I asked about twenty people, but no one could tell. When I asked that old stub-nose over there he said he'd knock my head off if I didn't canter."

"Well, why didn't you go away?"

"I was going to, but he acted so mighty cranky I made up my mind to drub him. A man who can't answer a civil question ought to be drubbed."

"Well, don't raise any further fuss."

"I won't if I can help it, but I'm going to find out how old Nero was when he died, and if anybody sasses me I shall be right on deck. I'm 65 years old, but I'll swan to goshen if I take sass!"

### Those "Lying Newspapers."

The city editor of a leading newspaper sends out a reporter, we will assume, by way of illustration, to a politician, with instructions to inquire as to whether or not he has been appointed to some lucrative position. The politician, with a great air of innocence and modesty, at first di-claims the rumor as a mistake. In the end, ten chances to one, and this time with an air of offended dignity, he will deny it indignantly and in toto as an invention of those "lying newspapers." The reporter has no alternative left but to write up what the politician says, and in a week or so the appointment is officially announced, and the politician smiles at his acumen in keeping the other fellows off until his hooks were fixed.

Again, there is a rumor of a wedding, and the reporter goes forth on his mission, to be met with a prompt denial of it and an ill-tempered protest against the lying newspapers. He contradicts the rumor on authority, and before the contradiction is cold, lo! an announcement of the wedding is sent in for publication.

A business man makes an important transaction of some kind, more or less interesting to the public, and the reporter gets on to it and goes for denial or confirmation. He usually gets a denial in the form of an assertion that no such sale is contemplated, and the report is duly printed. In a day or two the transaction is announced as consummated.

In the church a scandal arises and the truth is sought for publication. The truth is not found until it has been almost smothered by falsehoods. Now, after these instances, to put it plainly, who is the liar?

In the mass of news from many sources that has to be hurriedly collected and collated for a great newspaper, some that is incorrect will almost of necessity find its way now and then into its columns. In really reputable and carefully conducted journals this seldom happens intentionally.

So, among the millions of people who fill the multifarious positions of life, some of those rated as honorable and reliable will occassionally lapse into untruth, or something so near untruth as not to be distinguishable from it, in their dealings with the press.

It were, therefore, well to declare truce between the press and the public on these points.

### Gave Himself Away.

"How did I get this black eye?" repeated the drummer, as he buckled the straps to his satchel. "Well, I tried to be smart."

"How?"

"I was at Seymour, Ind., and in a hurry to get my railroad ticket. So was another chap. The ticket seller was slow, lazy and impudent. The other man pulled his gun, shoved it into the window and got his ticket ten seconds later. It was a hint for me."

"And you accepted it?"

"I did. I shoved my revolver into the window and gave the ticket man a quarter of a minute to get me a pasteboard."

"And he jumped?"

"He did—jumped out of his office and broke me in two over a baggage truck. He's got my revolver yet."

"But how did it happen to work in one case and fail in another?"

"Oh, I couldn't keep my voice from trembling, and then I didn't have long hair and a buffalo overcoat. He got right onto me for a fake."

### The Other One.

"Boy, you have tears in your eyes," he said to a little chap who was slipping along Woodward avenue.

"Yes, sir."

"Father dead?"

"No, sir; last summer's dead, and I'm awfully cold."

### Casting Sheep's-Eyes

Jennie—Mr. Delamarte would be quite handsome if he wasn't cross-eyed. Was he so afflicted at birth?

Lillie—No. It was an accident.

Jennie—How sad! Was there anything romantic about it?

Lillie—Yes. He sat between two girls one night, and tried to so divide his attention as to make neither of them jealous.

### The Cheapest Books Yet Published.

J. Theo. Robinson has recently published some of the cheapest books offered to readers in this or any other country. His edition of "John Ward, Preacher," sold in England at 6s, and in the United States at $1.50, sells here at 25 cents; "John Baldwin's Testimony," one of the brightest stories of recent years, is issued at 30 cents; "The Battle of the Swash and Capture of Canada," and under the same cover Dr. G. W. Beer's celebrated speech on "Professional Annexation," is sold at 25 cents, the American edition being just double that price. To day is placed on the market "Mr. & Mrs. Morton," (292 pages) a novel which caused endless discussion in the United States, and speedily went through five editions. This is to be sold at 30 cents, the American edition having been held at 50 cents. These books are a marvel of cheapness, are well printed on good paper and have attractive covers. All newsdealers have them on sale.

### How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Sunbeams? Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

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There are undoubtedly amongst those who can afford to dress well, and whose social position makes it a duty to do so, a few who would as lief wear cheap, ill fitting and unfashionable garments, as those which are elegant, well fitting and in good style. The fact is that deep down in every masculine heart there is a fondness for dress, but man likes dress naturally. He cannot help it. It is seldom indeed that any man orders a suit of clothes, or even a single garment, without carefully selecting the material and giving special instructions about what he conceives to be style. The commencement of each season is therefore of much interest to all men who have the means to buy fashionable garments. The Fashionable West End Tailor has much pleasure in intimating to his friends and the public generally, that he has just received his importation of woolens for spring and summer wear, and would invite inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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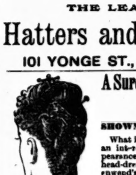

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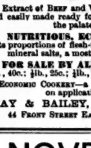
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# "THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M. E. BRADDON,

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.*

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The meeting between Juanita and her father was more painful to him than to her. She hung upon his neck in feverish excitement, imploring him to avenge her husband.

"You can do it," she urged; "you who are so clever must know how to bring the wretch to justice. You will do it, you will find him, will you not, father? He cannot have gone very far. He cannot have got out of the country yet. Think, it was only Friday. I was a happy woman upon Friday; only think of that—happy—sitting by Godfrey's side in the phaeton, driving through the sunshine, and thinking how beautiful the world was and what a privilege it was to live. I had no more foreboding than the skylark had singing above our heads. And in less than an hour after midnight my darling was dead. Oh, God, how sudden. I cannot even remember his last words. He kissed me at my bedroom door—yes, he said something. I cannot even remember what it was; but I can hear the sound of his voice still—I shall hear it all my life."

Lord Cheriton let her ramble on. He had, alas, so little to say to her, such sorry comfort to offer. Only words, mere words—which must needs sound idle and hollow in the ears of grief, frame his consolatory speeches with what eloquence he might. He could do nothing for her, since he could not give her back her dead. This wild cry for vengeance shocked him from those young lips; yet it was natural perhaps. He too would give much, was ready to assassin suffer; he, too, felt that the dock and the gallows would be too trivial a punishment for that accursed deed.

He had looked upon the marble face of him who was to have been the second Baron Cheriton—looked upon it in its placid repose, and had sworn within himself to do all that ingenuity could do to avenge that cruel murder.

"He could not have had an enemy," he told himself, "unless it was some wretch who hated him for being happy and beloved."

He had a long talk with Mr. Luke Churton, the London detective, who had exhausted all his means without arriving at any satisfactory result.

"I confess, my Lord, that I am altogether at a standstill," said Mr. Churton, when he had related all that he had done since his arrival on the scene early on Saturday afternoon. "The utmost information I have been able to obtain leaves me without one definite idea. There is no one in the neighborhood open to suspicion, so far as I can make out; for I am sure your Lordship will agree with me that your butler's notion of a poacher resenting your treatment by the murder of your son-in-law is much too thin. One cannot accept such a notion as that for a moment," said Mr. Churton, shaking his head.

"No, that is an untenable idea, no doubt."

"The next suggestion is that some person was prowling about with the intention of abstracting trinkets and other valuables from the drawing-room—in an unoccupied mansion when the room might happen to be empty—and I admit that the present fashion of covering drawing-room tables and cabinets with trifles of bleu of every description is calculated to suggest plunder; but that kind of thing would be probable enough in London rather than in the country, and nothing in reason can be clear that a prowler of that order would resort to murder. Again, the manner in which the body was found, with the hand so tightly close to the hand that had held it, goes far to prove that Sir Godfrey was shot as he sat reading—and at a time when a burglar could have no motive for shooting him."

"Do you think it was the act of a lunatic?"

"No, my Lord, for in that event the murderer would have been found in the neighborhood now. The gardens, park, and chase have been most thoroughly searched under my superintendence. It is not possible for a lunatic to hide for any where within this domain. The neighboring villages—solitary cottages—commons and copses—have been also submitted to searching investigation—the police all over the country are on the alert. Of course the crime is still of very recent date. Time to us seems longer than it really is."

"Of course, of course. I can find no other hypothesis than that the act was done by a madman—such a motiveless murder—a man sitting by a window reading—shot by an unknown hand from a garden terrace—remote from the outer world. Were we in Ireland the crime might seem common-place enough. Sir Godfrey was a landowner—and that alone is an offence against the idle and the lawless—but here, in the midst of an orderly, God-fearing population——"

"Had Sir Godfrey no enemy, do you think, my Lord?" asked the detective gravely. "The crime has the look of a vendetta."

"There never was a young man, owner of a considerable estate, more universally beloved. His tenants adore him—for as a landlord he has been exceptionally indulgent."

"He may have granted too much in some quarters, and too little in others."

"No, no. He has been judicious in his liberality, and he has a capital bailiff, an old man who was a servant on this estate many years ago."

"But there are other influences," said the detective musingly. "Women are rife with a crime of this kind—motiveless apparently—I remember the Eastern Prince—I think he was one of those long-headed Orientals, wasn't he, my Lord, who used to act? Why, I'm sure I am thoroughly dark case I always suspect a woman behind the curtain. Sir Godfrey had been independent of all ones for a good many years—and a young man of fortune, handsome, open-hearted, with a mother to look after him—well, my Lord, you know the kind of thing that generally happens in such cases."

"You mean that my son-in-law may have been involved in some disreputable intrigue?"

"I don't say disreputable, my Lord; but I venture to suggest that there may have been some—shem—some awkward entanglement—with a married woman, for instance—the husband—or another lover—may have belonged to the criminal classes. There are men who think very little of murder when they fancy themselves ill-used by a woman. Half the midnight brawls, and nearly half the murders, in the metropolis are caused by jealousy. I know what a large factor that is in the motive power of crime, and unless you are sure there was no entanglement——"

"I am as sure as I can be of anything outside my own existence. I don't believe that Sir Godfrey ever cared for any woman in his life except his daughter."

"He might not have cared, my Lord, but he might have been drawn in," suggested Mr. Churton. "Young men are apt to be weak where women are concerned, and women know that, unfortunately, and they don't scruple to use their power; not the best of them even."

Young men are apt to be weak. Yes, Lord Cheriton had seen enough of the world to know that this was true. It was just possible that in that young life, which had seemed white as snow to the eye of kindred and friends, there had been one dark secret, one corroding stain, temptation yielded to, promises given—never to be fulfilled. Such things have been in many lives, in most lives perhaps, could we know all. Lord Cheriton thought, as he sat silently meditating upon the detective's suggestions.

Lady Jane might know something about her son's past, perhaps, something that she might have kept locked in the beneficent mother's heart. He determined to sound her delicately at the earliest opportunity.

But on being sounded Lady Jane repudiated any such possibility. No, again and again, no. His youth had been spotless; no hint of an intrigue had ever reached her from any quarter. He had chosen his friends among the most honorable young men at the university—his amusements had been such as became a young Englishman of exalted position—he had never stooped to low associations of even doubtful company; and from his boyhood upward he had adored Juanita.

"That love alone would have kept him right," said Lady Jane; "but I do not believe that it was in his nature to go wrong."

It would seem, therefore, that the detective's suspicion was groundless. Jealousy could not have been the motive of the crime.

"If any of us could be sure that we know each other I ought to accept Lady Jane's estimate of her son," thought Lord Cheriton; "but there is always the possibility of an unrevealed nature—one phase in a life that has escaped discovery. I am almost inclined to think the detective may have hit upon the truth. There must have been a motive for this devilish act—unless it were done by a maniac."

The latter supposition seemed hardly probable. Lunacy wandering loose about the country would have betrayed itself before now.

The last supposition seemed hardly probable. Lunacy wandering loose about the country would have betrayed itself before now.

The last time he spoke with his daughter, and Lord Cheriton, having seen his visitors, and interviewed the detective, was sauntering idly about the gardens in the blank hours before dinner. He was not much given to use, no doubt, at eight o'clock, with all due state and ceremony. The cook and her maids were busied in the preparation of a dinner for this tranquil hour when afternoon melts into evening, sliding so softly from day to night that only those evening hymns of the birds—and on Sunday the sweet church bells—are thrilling across the woods—mark the transition. They were scraping vegetables and whipping eggs and cream in the spacious room, and they were talking of the murder as they went about their work. When would they never cease to glean the ghoulish gossip of this deadly theme, with endless iteration of "says he" and "says she!"

Lord Cheriton left the stately garden with its sculptured yew trees and cypress and juniper, its marble balustrades, and clipped hew hedges three feet thick, its statues and alcoves. He passed through little gate, and crossed a single-arched bridge to the park, where he sauntered slowly beneath his immemorial elms, in a strange dream-like frame of mind in which he seemed his senses to be beguiled by the balmy afternoon atmosphere and the golden light, until the all-pervading consciousness of a great grief, which had been with him all day, slipped off him for the moment, leaving only a feeling of luxurious repose, rest after labor.

Cheriton Chase was exercising its wonted influence upon him. He loved the place with that deep love which is often felt by the hereditary owner of an estate, not by all, but perhaps still oftener, and to a greater degree by him who has conquered and won the land which his ancestors have tilled with less despicable personage, the self-made man. In all his wanderings—those luxurious reposeful journeyings of a man who has conquered fortune—James Dalbrook's heart yearned towards these ancient avenues and yonder gray walls. House and domain had all the charm of antiquity, and yet they were his own, earned by his own creation. Everywhere had his hand improved and beautified; and he might say with Augustus that he had found Rome brick, he would leave marble. The dense green walls—those open-air courts and quadrangles—those obelisks of cypress and juniper had been there in the days of the Stuarts, and before them and there a mouldering stone Syrinx or a moss-grown Pan; but it was he who brought choicest plants from the conservatories of Paris and stately pleasance; it was he who had erected yonder fountain, whose waters make a monotonous music in the silent place, and those balustrades, the mosaic floors, the artistic enrichment of terrace and mansion had been his work. If the fame were perfect it was he who had made them all. If his taste were not contented it was because he had shown himself a model landlord—considerate and liberal, but severely exacting, satisfied with nothing less than perfection.

Having thus in a manner created his domain James Dalbrook felt it a proud self-content man right to love the work of his own hands, and now in this quiet Sunday afternoon the very atmosphere of the place soothed him, and the balm of the place, the sweetness that stole into his heart, with temporary forgetfulness of his daughter's ruined life. But this did not last long; for he drew near the drive by which strangers were allowed to cross the park by immemorial right, he remembered that he had questioned many of his neighbors, but not the other. He struck across an undulating expanse of turf where only old hawthorn trees cast their rugged shadows in the evening light, and came to the gate opening into the drive.

Mrs. Porter's cottage had its usual aspect, a cottage such as any gentleman or lady of refined taste might have chosen for a self-contained

guests at Morningside Castle. But it was essential to his peace that he should have many solitary hours in which to pore over Blue books and meditate upon an intended speech. He fancied himself greatly as a speaker, and he was one of those parliamentary bores whose ornate periods are made mincemeat of by the reporters. He looked to a day when he would take his place with Burke and Walpole, and other giants, whose oratory had been received coldly in the dawn of their senatorial career. He gave himself up to much study of politics past and present, and was one of those well-informed bores who are only useful as a storehouse of hard facts for the use of livelier speakers. When a man had to speak upon a subject of which he knew nothing, he went to Mr. Morningside as to a parliamentary encyclopædia.

To sustain these stores of knowledge Mr. Morningside required much leisure for what is called heavy reading; and heavy reading is not easy in that genial family life which means incessant talk and incessant interruption. Mr. Morningside would have preferred, therefore, to keep his den on the fifth floor to himself; but his wife loved London, and he could not refuse her the privilege of occasionally sharing his nest on a level with the spires and towers of the great city. She made her presence agreeably felt by tables covered with photograph easels, Vallauris vases, stray flowers in spelter men glasses, which were continually being knocked over, Japanese screens, and every known variety of chair back; and albeit he was an essentially dutiful husband, Mr. Morningside never felt happier than when he had seen his Ruth comfortably seated in the Bournemouth express on her way to the home of her forefathers for one of those protracted visits that no one but a near relation would venture to make. He left her cheerily on such occasions with a promise to run down to the Priory on Saturday evenings whenever it was possible to leave the helm.

Mr. Morningside had liked his brother-in-law as well as it was in him to like any man, and had been horrified at that sudden, inexplicable doom; but Sir Godfrey being snatched off this earth in the flower of his age, Mr. Morningside thought it only natural that the young Morningsides should derive some benefit, immediate or contingent, from their uncle's estate. It was, therefore, with some disgust that he heard that clause in the will which gave Jessica's sons the preference over all the sons of Ruth. True that failing any son of Jessica's, the estate was to lapse to the eldest surviving son of Ruth; but what earthly value was such a reversionary interest as this in the case of a lady whose nursery was like a rabbit warren!

"I congratulate you on your eldest boy's prospects, Grenville," said Mr. Morningside sourly. "Your Tom," a boy whom he hated, "will come into a very fine thing some of these days."

"Humph," muttered Grenville. "Lady Carmichael's is a good life, and I should be very sorry to see it shortened. Besides who can tell? Before this time next year there may be a nearer claimant.

"Lord have mercy upon us," exclaimed Morningside, "I never thought of that contingency."

*(To be Continued.)*

### Music as She is Executed.

Attending service not long ago in an elegant church edifice, where they worship God with taste in a highly artistic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing great admiration for Solomon, not considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was left when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." When the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether in a most cool and composed manner informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these," one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these! We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or cutaway coat! Solomon with an eyeglass and mustache, his hair cut in a pompadour! No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morn the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of black mail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ strongly suggestive of escaping steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

### How She Got Even With The Colonel.

It was a very wet day and the barrack square was muddy. She had brought the colonel's washing home. The colonel was a bachelor and very fastidious about his linen. A friend had called her from a neighboring building, so she laid her basket down at the steps of the officers' mess. The colonel was very dyspeptic that morning (he usually was), and when he saw the basket he waxed exceeding wroth, and yelled, with purple visage, "who the d——l left this here?" A full private said he did not know. "Then take it to h——l out of here!" roared the colonel, and forthwith he kicked violently the offending basket, and thereby its snow-white contents were scattered in the mud, and the colonel strode to the mess room. Half an hour after, a tear faced woman attended the orderly room and complained that somebody had kicked the colonel's washing into the mud. The colonel smiled in a ghastly manner. The grief-stricken woman meekly asked who was to pay for "a-gettin' of 'em up again?" The colonel said he would see to that. He did. The washerwoman and the full private passed each other on the barrack-square. Each closed an eye, but never uttered a word.

### Very Rarely Happens.

First Department Official (at Ottawa)—I had a strange experience to-day—strange.

Second Department Official—You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Come, tell me the story; any thing to relieve the monotony.

"It's not a ghost story. It's all flesh and blood."

"Well, well! Out with it."

"A man came to me to-day to ask about a matter which I couldn't refer to any other department and I had actually to attend to it myself."

### Uncle Vanderlyn's Verdict.

"Girls," said Mr. Vanderlyn, sententiously, "to his two nieces, "are a mistake!"

Dorothy hung down her head, evidently much humiliated by this view of the matter. Hester colored up, as red as the reddest geranium blooming in the window.

"If you would kindly tell us how to set ourselves right, uncle," said she.

"Oh, I don't say that it is your fault, personally and especially," observed Mr. Vanderlyn, with a little contemptuous sniff, "except as you belong to a class."

"Oh!" said Hester. "A class!"

"I'm sure we are very sorry," murmured Dorothy, with a quivering lip.

"Men, now, if they are left unprovided for," went on Mr. Vanderlyn, still looking straight before him, as if addressing an imaginary audience from a dais, "can always do something for themselves.

"Some can," skeptically observed Hester.

"Some can't."

"Men," said Mr. Vanderlyn, ignoring his niece's remark, "have resources. Men have originality. Men can seldom be taken at a disadvantage. I wish, girls," he added, with a glance of mild deprecation at them, "that you had had the luck to be born men-children instead of women-children."

"Thank you, uncle," said Hester, executing a low courtesy.

"If you really are so disappointed in us," said Dorothy, sadly, "perhaps we had better go away. Hester plays very nicely. She may, perhaps, obtain music scholars. And I am sure good Madame Duveyrac can get me a place in some school to teach the very little children."

"Oh, you are welcome to stay here," said Uncle Vanderlyn, with a royal wave of his hand. "There's plenty of room in the old house; food costs but little; and I suppose you have plenty of clothes?"

"Yes, uncle," faltered Dorothy, looking down at her well-worn mourning gown.

"For the present," added Hester, who, if she was anything, was truthful.

"You can have the big, third-story back room," said Mr. Vanderlyn. "Tell Joanna to make it ready for you. My nephew, Jack Dorrance, occupies the front room. I use the entire second story myself."

So George Vanderlyn's two orphaned nieces sheltered themselves, like a pair of frightened birds, under the roof.

"Ought we to stay, Dotty?" whispered the younger one, in a sort of panic.

"I don't know what else we can do, Hetty," was the sorrowful reply.

"Do you think he is glad to see us?"

"No, Hetty—since you ask me—I don't think he is."

"But we have no money left. Oh, dear! how hard it is to be poor!"

Hester sighed.

"I must look out for music pupils," said she. "But New York is such a big city, and there are so many, many teachers of music."

"And everything else," said poor Dorothy, bursting into tears.

Old Joanna brought a cup of tea and some peach short-cake up to their room that first doleful evening.

"Don't fret, Missies," said she. "Mr. Vanderlyn speaks short, but his bark is worse than his bite. You'll find that he'll be good to you."

"Joanna," said Dorothy, timidly, "is my uncle rich?"

"Well, I calculate he's well off, Miss."

"What does he do, Joanna?

Is he a Wall street broker, or a lawyer, or a merchant?"

"Neither one on'em, Miss," said Joanna. "He's got a pile of money invested, and just lives on the interest of it; and he makes a tidy bit besides by translating learned French books for the publishers."

"Oh!" said Dorothy.

"And he'd be right well off," added Joanna, standing with her hands on her hips, "if it wasn't for that ne'er-do-weel nevvy o' his'n as is always spending money and never bringing any in. I've no patience with Mr. Jack. He's a reg'lar parricide."

"You mean parasite!" hazarded Hester.

"Well, where's the difference? That's what he is exactly," nodded Joanna.

"I thought," said Dorothy, with a curling lip, "that men always vindicated themselves. Yes, Joanna, we are very much obliged to you. The tea was delicious—so were the peaches."

Begging pardon, Missies, for what may seem a liberty, but ain't intended as such," said the old woman, "but be ye going to stay here for good and all?"

"We don't know," said Hester.

"We want to earn our own living if we can," said Dorothy, "and be independent."

"Joanna shook her grizzled head. "That ain't so easy for gentlefolk," said she. "If you were working women, now, like me——"

"But we mean to be working women" said Dorothy, quickly.

"If only we knew how," sighed Hester.

"Heaven helps them as helps themselves," said Joanna, as she carried off the tray.

Hester set forth the next day to look for music pupils One or two of her old schoolmates were married and living in New York, and she had heard of Educational Bureaus, which she fondly supposed to be stepping stones to ultimate success. Mr. Jack Dorrance sauntered along by her side.

"I'm so sure to have something alive in the old house," said he. "My uncle's awfully jolly, don't you know, but he's always in the closet; and the time drags so awfully!"

"But," said Hester, "aren't you doing anything?"

"Looking for something to do," said Jack Dorrance. "Been at it for a year. Give you my word it's the hardest work going!"

"I should think so," observed Hester. "Good morning. I have an errand in this nearest house, and must see to it now." And Jack sauntered aimlessly away. Dorothy stayed at home, ventured to dust Uncle Vanderlyn's books in his absence, helped Joanna to make a real country syllabub for dessert, and then went to everybody she knew, making timid little inquiries as to some possible or impossible situation in a school.

That was their first and last day, however, of situation hunting. Uncle Vanderlyn was brought home towards dusk in a carriage. He had been stricken with paralysis in the very street.

"Deuced awkward," said Jack Dorrance. "What are we to do with the old duffer?"

"Why, put him to bed at once, and send for the doctor," said Hester, shortly.

"I suppose," said Jack, "there is no way of getting at his money? He hasn't left any blank checks signed? All this puts a fellow out awfully."

"What do you want of money?" said Dorothy, lifting her calm, clear eyes. "My uncle isn't likely to want any at present, is he?"

"Other folks may, though," said Jack, ungraciously. "But I suppose he'll come to after a while."

Mr. Vanderlyn, however, lay unconscious for weeks. Weeks stretched themselves into months and still he lay there. And when at last something like reason and sense returned, he was by far too weak to ask any questions.

"It's Dorothy, isn't it?" he said, one day, after he had looked long and earnestly at the young girl who sat at her needlework beside his couch.

"No, uncle; it's Hester," she answered.

"Have I been sick long, Hester?" said he.

"Oh, a long time, uncle."

"I remember it all now," he said, restlessly stirring among his pillows. "They told me the news too suddenly. That my name had been forged to false checks. That I had lost all the savings of my lifetime. That—that Jack was an ungrateful scoundrel, a swindler. Where is Jack?"

"Gone away, uncle, long ago."

"Didn't you have him arrested?"

"No, uncle. We did not know until it was too late that—that he had requited your kindness so ill."

"Am I in debt?" faltered Mr. Vanderlyn after a brief silence.

"No, uncle."

"Who has taken the charge of things!"

"Hester and I, uncle."

"Eh!"

"We consulted with Joanna, uncle. We found that we must exert ourselves in some way or else lose the old house, so we have taken some nice quiet boarders, ten of them. The house is large and roomy, you know. I am an excellent fancy cook, and Joanna is a capital manager. We get good prices, and the boarders say they are pleased."

"Humph!" said Mr. Vanderlyn. "And the translating—the big work that was only half done. Have they sent to take it away? There was no time to lose—no time!"

"I finished it uncle, long ago."

"You!"

"Yes, I. I took the French prize at school a year ago. Translation is not so very difficult when one once enters into the spirit of the work. The publisher said it was well done. The check for payment is up-stairs waiting for your endorsement; and I am already working my way through a second undertaking."

Mr. Vanderlyn's dim eyes sparkled.

"I should not be driven to the poorhouse in my old age, after all," said he.

Hester stooped to press her lips to his shrunken forehead.

"No, uncle," said she, "we have necessarily been put to some expense, on account of your illness, but we have kept out of debt and have managed to lay up a little. Dorothy has some daily classes at Mrs. Antonelli's, besides her housekeeping duties, and now that you will soon be able to take the helm——"

"But," vehemently uttered Mr. Vanderlyn, "I don't want to take the helm. You are doing a better thing than I should. I'm an old man now—a feeble, broken down, old man, only fit to be laid on the shelf. But I can tell you what a comfort it is for me to have two brave, noble-natured girls like Dorothy and you to take care of me in my old age!"

He closed his eyes and fell into one of those

### Doing The Old Married Man.

"Now, Henry," said the bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I'm glad to see you can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it; I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try; but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at their hotel, the bride retired and the groom fell in with a whist party, with whom he sat playing cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife passed the weary hours in weeping. At last he turned up, and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, aint I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody knew after that that they had just been married.

### Chances to Save Money.

Little Boy—Do hotel clerks get very big salaries?

Kentucky Uncle—Not often.

"Then how can they afford such big diamonds?"

"Well, you see, they don't have to pay anything for their licker."

### What Ailed Her.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.

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# The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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## Hints to Young Writers.

The editor of a new magazine who was recently interviewed, endeavored to impress upon the public that he is eagerly looking for new writers, and wants all amateurs to send their manuscripts to him. He tells us that the market for short stories is exceptionally good, and with great good nature endeavors to inform those who read his remarks that when an article or story is returned the writer need not feel slighted or crushed. "Writing is a merchandise which may find sale in one market and not in another."

All this is true, but there are so many markets in which the amateur meets with discouragement that as a class those who are ambitious to do newspaper and magazine work should learn the lesson that scribbling for newspapers is not a *dilettante* occupation. Magazine editors are approached by but few writers who have not already attained publicity in newspapers, and reading their articles is not so difficult a matter, but in newspapers the reading of articles presented is one of the editor's most arduous tasks. So many people who have never written a line for the press feel a divine afflatus that their manuscripts in ninety-five cases out of a hundred are rejected. It is a tedious thing to wade through oceans of rubbish to find an island of either sense or beauty. The editor is not paid as a philanthropist or to encourage native talent. He is supposed to provide a certain amount of interesting reading matter for the paper, and he is not inclined to plow through a lot of trash if, when he discovers something in the shape of a nugget, he will have to pay for it as liberally as if it had been written by a writer of reputation.

The point is this: when a writer who has achieved some eminence sends in a manuscript, the editor is certain to find something of value though it may not reach his standard. With the effusions of the amateur it is different. Lawyers, doctors, parsons, and members of every profession, have to serve many years before the hand of either Leah or Rachael crowns their brow with laurels or fills their purse with shekels, yet the ambitious newspaper contributor expects to make money out of his or her first attempt. This is a mistake. Those who desire to write for newspapers and magazines must be willing to serve an apprenticeship and comprehend the fact that their society should not more than compensate for their board until they have achieved a status of some sort. The majority of manuscripts we receive have affixed to them a modest request for payment. It is not our habit to pay those whose manuscripts need considerable editing, and who have a name to make. There must be some opportunity left us to make enough to cover the cost of reading so much that is worthless. We are anxious to receive original compositions, and those desiring to write for SATURDAY NIGHT who know how to write will find us willing to pay them for their work, but we do not propose to do all the work of hunting for genius and pay for it as if we had not the labor of research. The lesson of the whole of this is, that amateurs must not expect pay for their first attempts, nor should they ask to have their manuscripts returned. An article which is not worth copying is not worth saving, and those who send us anything must either keep a copy of it or take chances of losing it. Rejected manuscripts in SATURDAY NIGHT office are put in the waste basket, not in the post office.

## Lady Guides.

Various are the schemes which have been proposed or started in the cities of the Old World with the object of finding remunerative employment for ladies without the means of livelihood. One of the latest is that of "lady guides" for the convenience of visitors to London. A good deal of fun was made of the proposal at first, but the promoters are in earnest, and undeterred by ridicule they are getting the scheme into practical shape. There appears no intrinsic reason why the plan should not be successful, especially so far as relates to shopping. In the estimation of some ladies of our acquaintance the life of a lady guide, a principal part of whose duty it will be to conduct the inexperienced from one store to another and assist them in making purchases, will be a continuous round of delight. Fancy the pleasure of a perpetual and daily recurring shopping expedition, unalloyed by the necessity of having to face a frowning husband and coax him for money to pay the bills. To shop and be paid for it, instead of having to pay must be the acme of female happiness. The institution of guides, either male or female, implies of course a place in which it is difficult for strangers to find their way about, so there is no likelihood that such a profession will be possible in Toronto for a long time to come. Those who know the English metropolis with its confusing labyrinth of streets and distracting crowds, will readily understand the useful nature of the undertaking. That in seeking to supply the "long felt want" ladies should be selected instead of men is another significant instance of the extension of woman's sphere so as to embrace many departments hitherto considered as adapted only for men. If the "lady guide" is fairly established as a metropolitan institution the advocates of woman's rights will be fairly entitled to score a point.

The usual attendance of musical enthusiasts, though perhaps a trifle fewer in number, was to be seen at the concert of the Philharmonic Society on Tuesday evening. The subject of the evening's work was Handel's Samson, which had been performed two or three years ago by the Choral Society, but had never been placed upon the Philharmonic Society's repertoire. To call the performance an unqualified success would be to give way to an excess of enthusiasm, for it was very uneven in its degrees of excellence. The chorus was noble and grand in tone and sonority, and was thoroughly up in its work, singing with splendid precision and clearness of both attack and cessation. It had a splendid swing and dash alike creditable to its own efficiency, and to the excellence and thoughtfulness of Mr. Torrington's training. Its only uncertainties were in a couple of choruses, in which Mr. Torrington's constitutional energy carried him on to such a speed that the chorus was in many places simply unable to sing the runs, and could only gaze at him in mute appeal. In one of these, To Song and Dance, this was notably the case, and in this same chorus, Mr. Torrington emphasized his hurrying by tapping each beat upon the desk for at least six bars, surely a proceeding that should be unnecessary at a concert, whatever might be judicious at a rehearsal. It was amusing to see the smiles of good understanding on the faces of the choristers while singing To Man God's Universal Law, expressive of the duty of wives to obey their husbands.

*

The orchestra was less satisfactory, considerable wavering being evident in places, together with much diffidence of tone in the wind parts. This was most evident even in the chorus accompaniments, where Mr. Torrington's desk tapping was frequently called into requisition. The solo accompaniments were very well kept down, and I think the orchestra did its best work in these, with the exception of the Dead March which was splendidly played, the palm being due to the two flautists, Messrs. Arlidge and Lubraico, whose duett was beautifully rendered. Though a lack of ensemble rehearsal was evident, these defects were probably enhanced by comparison with the splendid singing of the chorus. Mr. H. L. Clarke is sometimes unfortunate in that he does not play his obligatos as well as his solos, which latter are always good. But he develops a degree of nervousness in obligato playing which mars the clearness of his attack, and sometimes reacts upon the singer he is playing with.

*

This was the case on Tuesday evening in Let the Bright Seraphim, where Miss Hortense Pierse did not do so well as in her other work. The young lady is very handsome and is a good singer. She has a clear sweet voice of good range, and she sings with excellent fidelity to the key. Her voice is flexible and carefully trained, and while she imparted no dramatic effect to her singing, she had a fine, warm tone in With Plaintive Notes, which was her best effort. The tenor solos were sung by Mr. Charles A. Rice of New York, who made quite a journey to very little purpose, for he sang in a very crude manner, displaying not much voice, not much style, not much of anything, except mistakes. These were frequent, and in one case so disastrous that he wrecked the duett Traitor to Love, affording the unfortunate opportunity to stop the proceedings, which has become chronic at Philharmonic concerts. Dear old Babcock was the king of the foreigners, after all, and his noble voice came out in solid chunks of music, splendidly appropriate to the part of the Giant of Gath. His Honor and Arms was gloriously sung and driven at a gait that led even Mr. Torrington. Mr. Babcock is delightfully certain and sure and clear and distinct—in fact all that is good and praiseworthy in a basso.

*

Our local talent deserves a paragraph all to itself for its excellence on this occasion. Mlle. Adele Strauss won golden opinions by her careful and correct delivery, the charm of which was not lessened by the *soupcon* of a foreign accent which was observable. Her command of her voice and its flexibility enabled her to give a thoroughly good rendering of Return, O God of Hosts. She seemed to have thoroughly grasped the ideal of the earnestness and dignity of oratorio singing. Similarly good were the efforts of Mr. Warrington, who sang the part of Manoah with due regard to its pathetic strength, and who proved himself fully worthy of the good company he was in. Mr. A. E. Dent sang the music of the Messenger, and showed a pleasing tenor voice and a very fair style.

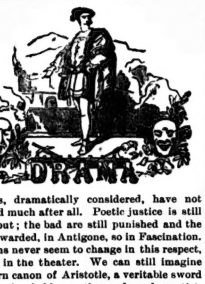
*

A very fine concert and organ recital was given at St. Basil's Church on February 21, at which Mr. Frederic Archer played a most attractive programme. Mons. Boucher, who is now in the zenith of his popularity in Toronto, played two violin solos, and Miss Ormeby, Mrs. C. Smith, Miss Bolster, Mr. J. F. Kirk and Mr. Kelly took part in the vocal numbers. A large audience was present and was much delighted with the excellence of the programme and its rendition. Mr. Archer also played at the College of Music on Saturday evening.

*

A treat is in store for us, if the effort succeeds that is being made to secure George Henschel and his accomplished wife for a song recital in Toronto. I believe that these artists give the most perfect rendition of songs known in the musical world. The Choral Society's Creation concert is now fixed for Tuesday April 2, and a little bird has whispered that the Philharmonic Society will again combine with our genial P. S. Gilmore and give a popular festival in June. Of other musical news of import there is none except that I have seen some twenty notices from the London press, all most laudatory of Agnes Huntington in Planquette's new opera, Paul Jones, in which the lovely contralto plays the title-role. She now has all London at her feet, and has received a kind and congratulatory note from H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, who always was a great admirer of Miss Huntington.

METRONOME.




Times, dramatically considered, have not changed much after all. Poetic justice is still meted out; the bad are still punished and the good rewarded, in Antigone, so in Fascination. Fashions never seem to change in this respect, at least in the theater. We can still imagine the stern canon of Aristotle, a veritable sword of Damocles, held over the modern dramatist, "The good should not fall into ill-fortune or the bad rise into prosperity." And woe betide the writer who should reverse this law! Fancy his boldness who should create a modern Iago and let him bid us good-bye, prosperous and happy at the end of the play! What would the life of Count La Grange have been worth had he killed that pretty boy, Charles Marlow, and nothing serious had happened him? No audience would stand that; they would have risen, to a woman, and slain him.

*

This consequence would have been unpleasant. Instead, see how nicely things are arranged in the play under consideration—Fascination. The faithless youth, Lord Islay, is suddenly discovered to be faithful; the villain, Count La Grange, is unearthed and run to ground in an entirely suitable manner; the lovers' quarrel is made up; the lady's tears of happiness are wept into an embroidered handkerchief; the wicked adventuress, in the person of Mrs. Deloraine, goes into a few hysterics, repents when her plots fail, weeps some more and embraces fervently the virtuous and adorable heroine, Lady Madge. Things end up decently and in order and nobody's feelings are harrowed.

*

Cora Tanner, in her dual role, was the center of attraction the evening I had the pleasure of seeing her. As piquant, boyish Lady Madge Slashton she met with a hearty reception. A medical student who sat behind me thought her "a stunner by jove." He seemed quite taken with her and rashly invested his last quarter in a photograph of the fascinating Miss Tanner. This photo, he is doubtless now exhibiting with a doubtful autograph as having been given him by the original. But *revenons a nos moutons*, Cora is decidedly pretty in a dainty, ethereal way, and her acting was much above the average. I liked her best as Charles Marlow. My medical friend, however, did not; he thought audibly that she should stick to one part and not mix a fellow all up, besides a banjo out of tune and her voice—as a man—evidently belonged to the same family. In spite of his figurative language, I liked her gay flirting speech and dashing bearing. Such a pretty assumption of half impudent, half shame-faced swagger! I could quite understand Miss Delemere's infatuation for him. As a boy she reminded me of Portia, who disguised as a youth "turned two mincing steps into a manly stride, and spoke of frays like a fine bragging youth, and told quaint lies of how honorable ladies sought his love." As a girl she was like the merry Rosalind, full of pretty answers. Her play of wit with the count was quite a taking dialogue though through lackadaisical enunciation it lost half its force.

*

Mr. Charles Coote as the Rev. Mr. Colley was more than funny. There are so few really funny people nowadays that is quite refreshing to see an actor amuse an audience without apparently any effort. As an old author puts it, "Fools may now go a-begging, everybody is become so witty." His delightfully inane "I should like it so much," and his Lord Dundreary asininity of countenance when placed in trying situations (notably the proposal scene), was a triumph of histrionic skill.

The acting of Mr. Bland as the Duke of Hurlingham had perhaps better be kindly passed over. I have seen better imitations of stiff old men—speaking physically—and the less said about the graceful manner in which he made his frequent exits the better. Even the medical student lost the child-like simplicity that characterized his criticism of the other parts of the play, and remarked *sotto voce* that the best thing that imitative fossil could do would be to collect the pre-historic fragments that served him for limbs and make a respectable funeral of himself. Due allowance must of course be made for the natural interest of the medical profession in bones—and funerals.

The audience showed a pleased appreciation of the scenery, and well it merited praise. In the first act a pretty scenic effect is created by the alternate lights of ruddy sunset, and of the shadowy dusk over the gently flowing Thames with its border of stately trees. Even in the second act, with a wave of the enchanter's wand the scenery changes, and the rosy light of candles cast a soft glow over the pretty interior of Mrs. Delemere's rich but dainty house. An equally pretty picture is shown in the third act when the bright silken and velvet gowns of fair ladies add a further beauty.

GRETA.

*

If it is not too late I should like to say a few words about the acting of Minnie Maddern, who played at the Grand Opera House last week. When she played In Spite of All, on Friday evening, February 22, the large empty spaces between the fragments of her audience looked lonesome and chilling as the wind whistling through the Manning Arcade, and contrasted strongly with some nights I have seen, when there was not a vacant place from the orchestra rail to the back seat in the gallery, when the gleam of white shoulders and graceful necks illumined the darkness of the boxes, and the gods chirruped as tunefully as robins when the orchards are bursting into bloom. One such night in particular, I remember, and that was the night Lydia Thompson's burlesque company opened here. I was forced to go, you know. To reach my seat I had to struggle past a dozen persons, avoiding any distressing contact with their pedal imperfections as well as I could, and while so engaged the curtain rose on what, to my somewhat flustered gaze, seemed the most remarkable natural display I had ever seen. But I need not enter into any further particulars. What I want to come at is that I think it curious that in a city which sets itself up as a model for other towns, morally and intellectually, an exhibition such as that given by Lydia Thompson's company should draw so much better than the good acting of such a clever, and moreover, such a charming woman as Minnie Maddern. Unlike many theatrical stars she cannot rely for success on her physical perfections, for, as a local poet appositely puts it, "She's as slender as a toothpick." And surely the artist who compels admiration by his or her intellectual abilities alone, is superior to one who awakens the same feeling by fine dresses, an imposing figure or a handsome countenance. Miss Maddern is an exponent of that department of histrionism which portrays home life, and her representation goes straight to the people. Her simple, unconventional style, her April day transitions from sunshine to showers are what every one of her hearers have seen and heard at some period in their own lives. She pictures the universal and unchangeable nature of the best type of womanhood, and if there were more women on the stage like Minnie Maddern, the stage and the public would be much the better for it. I shall feel relieved when I have told those who had the opportunity and did not see her last week, that they have missed a dramatic exhibition which would certainly have done them no harm and might have made them better.

*

The propriety and wisdom of arraying the chorus girls of comic operas and burlesques in tights as has been the custom of late, is a question which is exciting much interest in dramatic circles at present. To such lengths has this fashion been carried that it has earned for many of those kinds of plays, from the plain-speaking public, the vulgar, but not inappropriate name of leg-shows. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the famous author of many comic opears, has stated that in no circumstances will he allow any woman to wear in his burlesques a costume that she could not wear with propriety at a fancy dress ball. The success of his productions does much to show that a combination of witty dialogue and bright music, needs not the addition of feminine nakedness to attract people wherever it is presented. It cannot be denied that these exhibitions are given for the purposes of making money by appealing to the baser passions of men. An American critic goes to the heart of the question in these sentences: "To object to tights on moral grounds is to be set down as a prude by the thoughtless, but when it is a fact that chorus girls are compelled to wear this sort of apparel to gratify the eyes of the young gentlemen in the stails the objection is not an unreasonable one. The main object of the theater is to amuse, and when it cannot do so without at the same time demoralizing it goes beyond its province and becomes a menace to civilization." Yet the tendency to make exhibitions of the female form in unmentionable garments on the stage is becoming so general that scarcely a company do we see that does not give us an example. Very often it is done for no apparent reason, except the one cited above. At other times the necessities of the drama legalize what would otherwise be, strictly speaking, an intolerable offense. The latter is the case in the play which is running at the Grand Opera House this week.

*

I have read of plays that have been compared to wine, but there is one case where the comparison does not hold good and that is in respect to ageing. Plays, unlike wine, do not improve with age and East Lynne which appears at the Toronto Opera House this week is no exception to the rule. Miss Ada Gray does not improve with age either and there are indications that a long suffering public will soon be relieved from wasting good salt tears on such unhealthy stuff as East Lynne. The number of tearful women in the audience, I observed, is on the decline and several sentimental young women near me chewed their caramels through the most soul wrenching scenes with countenances as calm as that of an elderly bovine reflectively chewing her cud. Miss Gray's support is nothing to brag of. Mr. Donaldson as Archibald Carlyle is too ponderous in his speech and manner. Mr. Fenton's Sir Francis Levison was fairly well done.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Mrs. Potter has succeeded in downing her Shakespearean rival, Mrs. Langtry, as an attraction for the New York public. The reason is not far to seek. The gauzy Cleopatra costume proved an irresistible attraction both for the play-going public and the sensational writers on the Sunday papers. Mrs. Langtry's costumes, though beautiful, were not constructed to exhibit the lines of her shapely form at every movement, or so unsubstantial and skin-fitted tights could be seen shimmering through them. Hence the unsuccessfulness of Lady Macbeth, though as a piece of dramatic work it was certainly better than Cleopatra.

Denman Thompson and The Old Homestead seem destined to be a perennial success. He has had a twenty-seven weeks' run at the Academy, New York, during which over 550,000 paid tickets were taken at the door. The extent to which a theatrical success may go is incredible in the light of such information as this, which is undoubtedly thoroughly trustworthy. And yet the success of The Old Homestead is scarcely to be wondered at. The great contrast between it and anything that has ever been done upon the stage creates interest, and the purity of the theme and the exquisite manner in which the humanities are blended in it, is a source of satisfaction and enjoyment to the auditor. There are so many impressive incidents in the play that all who feel their influence speak of them with enthusiasm, and thus the half million and more people who have witnessed the performance have become its advertisers, and it is reasonable to assume that they will be the means of influencing as many more to attend before the season ends.

### The Dead Preacher.

*For Saturday Night.*

It was in an old log school-house, concession number four,
Muskoka District, month of March, two years ago or more,
And gathered in the school-house, on their weekly night for prayer,
Was the rustic congregation, but their preacher was not there.

They all dearly loved a gossip (though they also loved to pray),
And this night they had a subject on which each could have a say;
And they said it with a vengeance, worthy of a cause more just,
For the preacher was their subject, and his failings they discussed.

"No use talking," said the spokesman, whom we may call No. 1,
"He's as lazy as he can be, and when all is said and done,
He has too much college learning, and too many city ways,
And his preaching is just talking, it's the same, too, when he prays."

No. 2 thought he dressed too shabby, and his wife dressed far too fine,
"I have no respect for bustles, or for hangs, or crinoline."
And through all the moods and tenses of his failings thus they ran,
Never putting in a good word for this godly Christian man.

Till the jingle of a sleigh bell, which had stopped before the door,
Brought a sudden termination to this vivisection sore,
And came in a muffled stranger, who had only this to say:
"That he'd picked up a dead body, which was outside in his sleigh."

In a trice the school was emptied, and with faces blanched with awe,
When the statures were uncovered, with an anguished cry, they saw
What will never be forgotten, not until their dying day,
'Twas their preacher, limp and lifeless, who before their vision lay.

What had happened? Apoplexy? Heart disease? It might be so,
But the simple truth to tell you, it may do you good to know,
'Twas exhaustion of the system, through hard work and meagre fare,
And hart work and worry jointly, have brought many preachers there.

He was walking to the meeting, had some meeting every day,
And this school-house was a trifle more than five good miles away;
He had fallen, with face downward, in a dead faint in the snow,
And had smothered, and thus rescued been from every earthly woe.

He had kept no horse nor carriage; if the reason we may give,
He would say "I can't afford it, as I always try to live
On the salary they give me." And his face he squarely set
'Gainst the practice, all too common, of deep running into debt.

On a scant four hundred dollars, which was all his yearly store,
Bread and butter for his children he could get, but little more;
And he often wore an old coat, when he should have had a new,
But no one had heard him grumble, as so many preachers do.

Now a strange revulsion happened, always happens, we may say,
When a person dies, his good deeds drive his failings quite away;
And they were not slow to utter words, which, had he lived, sometimes heard,
Would have made his burdens lighter, and his ebbing pulses stirred.

He had good points now in plenty. It was only yesterday
One had seen him give a dollar, a poor widow's rent to pay;
And he gave it with a good will, from his own too scanty store,
Saying in his kindly manner, "Would that I could spare you more."

Everyone now says some kind thing, while from tears they can't refrain,
And their verdict was they'd never see a man like him again.
Well, this verdict may be truer than they even now opine,
For the chance is small, in heaven their dead preachers to rejoin.

There are many so close fisted, and so selfish every way,
That they must four times the value get for every cent they pay.
What a pity the Almighty, who is infinitely good,
Can't send preachers to such people who can live on angels' food.

REV. J. SHILAY, M.A.

SEVERN BRIDGE, February 18, 1889.

### A Quiet Game of Whist.

*For Saturday Night.*

I have heard some gaudy yarnings of the games they had afloat,
When the chips and lowly jack-pot ran each Mississippi boat.
How they raised and went 'em better—how ten thousand (more or less),
Lost in bucking 'gainst the Tiger, never caused the least distress;
Nay! those honest, simple pirates seem'd to think it rather good
If we only would believe them—would to Heaven that we could.
Still, the fierce delight of poker's rowdyism—I insist,
Fades before the simple pleasure in a quiet game of whist.

Dear to hearts of grey old fogies are those hours of eventide,
When the storm-rack lends a fervor to the glowing ingleside.
Then, 'tis then, I love to linger, after I have wisely dined,
With three honest cronies who are less than kith and more than kind,
And engage in mimic warfare, for an all too brief a space,
On the luck that lies betwixt the lowly deuce and courtly ace,
Wooing Fortune's kindly favors, for a stake that's never missed
By the friends who join me weekly in a quiet game of whist.

There is Beauclerc, from Barbadoes—you should gase upon his face—
Hear his honest Anglo Saxon, when his partner trumps his ace,
Or when Richard De Auld Reekie—fired by Caledonian greed—
With most reprehensive pertness, ruffs him on his primal lead.
And dear Taff United Empire (scion of a loyal race
Which has seen much active service, but has never known disgrace),
How I love those honest features—may thy smile be never miss'd
When we struggle for the odd trick in a quiet game of whist.

Out upon your Nap, ecarte, piquet, baccarat, vingt-un,
And that bore, progressive euchre—I despise 'em, everyone.
There's a hollow ring about them, where, I take it, in the main,
Honest strife 'twixt brains and friendship's second to unlawful gain.
Folks may vote it "slow" and "English," as of course, they often do,
But the critics *sometimes* blunder, and, good reader, *entre nous*,
Give to me the honest grasping of a kindly partner's fist
When we've held both tricks and honors in a quiet game of whist.

H. K. UCCIE.

## Noted People.

Princess Stephanie, the widow of the Crown Prince of Austria, is only twenty-four.

Emma Abbott, like Jenny Lind, was a poor girl. But she has made a fortune with her voice, as Jenny Lind did.

Queen Victoria was so greatly grieved at the terrible death of Crown Prince Rudolph that she sent three touching and sympathetic autograph letters to the Emperor, the Empress and Princess Stephanie.

It is said that the Princess Louise grows apparently younger and handsomer every day. Her voice spoils her, being gruff and husky, as her laugh. Princess Christian's voice is, on the contrary, peculiarly sweet, but she is looking wretchedly ill.

Of prominent living generals, Sherman, aged sixty-eight, is the oldest among American commanders, while Von Moltke, aged eighty-nine, MacMahon, aged eighty, Gorgei, aged seventy-two, and the Duke of Cambridge, aged seventy, could be named among Europeans.

Mr. Ruskin, whose seventieth birthday has just passed, attained the allotted span in a condition of health which is a source of great anxiety to his relatives, and of sincere sympathy upon the part of thousands who only know him through his delightful works.

Mrs Mary Halleck Foote, the wife of a civil engineer, has spent most of her married life in the mining camps of the West. Her public reputation was first made as an artist, and she is almost the only Century artist who draws in the old way, directly upon the wood block.

The best point of the evening at the Phelps dinner in London is thought to have been in Sir Frederic Leighton's speech, when he said: "As an artist he drank to another artist, a gentleman who had excelled in one of the most admirable of all arts—the art of making many friends.

The story is going the round that Mr. Alfred Austin, is to be the next Laureate, if he should survive Lord Tennyson. Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris are neither of them exactly courtiers, but now that Mr. Swinburne has become so vehement a Unionist perhaps he may see his way to become the Psalmist of the Prince of Wales.

Archdeacon Farrar, speaking of Sunday newspapers, says: "I have no hesitation in saying that if the new feature in journalism should lead to the common introduction of seven-day newspapers in England, it would be nothing short of a national misfortune. The evil effects might not be visible at once, but they would be rued by our children's children."

In the education of his five sons the German Emperor out-Spartans the very Spartans themselves. At six o'clock the four eldest boys get up, at seven their lessons begin, and what with military drill, with music, and other lessons, only an hour and a half is left for daily recreation. Surely this is rather hard on lively little lads, the eldest of whom is only seven years old.

When Major Le Caron's examination was finished he turned to the bench and to the court generally, and thanked them for their courtesy. "I may have been impertinent," said this strange Major; "but I did not intend to be. I thank you exceedingly for the courtesy you have shown me." Speaking thus, from the fulness of his heart, the Major left the witness-box and departed. The court kept their eyes on their note books, and remained perfectly impassive.

The Queen of Japan tries to promote the interests of women. She is very charitable and is a patron of the Red Cross Society of the Tokio Charity Hospital. She is especially interested in the education of Japanese women. A school for the daughters of the nobles is known as the Empress' school, and a picture on its walls contains poetry written by her. She is a fine Chinese scholar, and many of her poems have been set to music and used as national songs.

Archduke Charles of Austria has been married three times, and his third wife is the brilliant Maria Theresa, a princess belonging to that branch of the House of Portugal which has flourished at Herbach on-the-Mein since its chief, Dom Miguel, was banished from his country for having tried to wrest the crown from Dona Maria da Gloria, his niece. The Archduchess Maria Theresa is as intrepid a horsewoman as her sister-in-law, the empress, and has indeed performed the greatest feat on horseback ever recorded of a lady, having galloped from Reichenar to Guns without stopping—two hundred to three hundred kilometres there and back.

The Prince of Wales has clearly stated that he would never enter a house in which Count Herbert Bismarck is received. The portion of the article in the *Contemporary* on the Bismarck dynasty which treats of the relations and feelings existing on the part of the Prince of Wales towards Count Herbert Bismarck shows an intimate knowledge of circumstances known only to a very limited circle. The Prince of Wales has felt very strongly about the treatment of his sister by the Bismarck family, as well as the unfriendly attitude assumed by them and the Emperor towards himself when he went to Berlin to the Emperor Frederick's funeral, and he has expressed himself forcibly in writing on the subject.

It is said that the Queen will visit San Sebastian during her stay at Biarritz, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and the Queen of Hanover. Queen Christine of Spain will meet Her Majesty and accompany her back to Biarritz, followed by the Spanish Squadron. This meeting between the three widowed Queens, representing three generations, will be of special and touching interest, and it is easy to imagine the feelings of sympathy with which Queen Victoria will regard the young widowed Queen of Spain and her baby boy. These three Queens, although of such exalted positions, are none the less women, and, what is perhaps more in these days, all three were devoted wives, loving their husbands with rare affection, and mourning deeply and almost inconsolably their loss.

M. de Lesseps' letter to the subscribers to the new issue of Panama shares of February 2 is, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, to be regarded as his final bow to them, and to the old Panama share and bondholders. In telling them that they unanimously chose the person who is charged with liquidating the concession and plant, he washes his hands of the affair. The assurance that he gives of gratitude and unalterable devotion is more than a vain form of speech in his case. Old age has suddenly come upon him. His family do not allow Panama to be talked of in his presence, and the daily levees which he used to hold in his little red study and at his office are at an end. If the season were not so advanced he would go to spend a few months at his villa at Ismailia.

Lady Randolph Churchill is generally popular, and she has shown that she is capable of cutting as distinguished a figure in politics as she has done in society. No lady has presided at more Primrose League meetings or worked harder for the Conservative cause. The Tory workingmen understand that, and give her an immense reception whenever she appears among them. In doing this work she inevitably aroused some jealousy. Lady Randolph can well afford to treat these jealousies with indifference, and whenever her husband returns to power her house no doubt will be a political center in London. The latest lion at Monte Carlo is Lord Randolph Churchill. He walks about in a white Tyrolean hat; drops down to take a peep at the pigeon shooting, or looks into the Casino to see how the ball is rolling. He likes the excitement of roulette, plays frequently, and, for a man of his means, rather heavily.

## Art and Artists.

"Why don't you come up and see us some evening?" said Mr. W. Thomson, the jovial treasurer of the Toronto Art Students' League, to me not long ago. I promised I would call and see what the league was doing before long and last Friday evening I made my way up the long stairs of the Imperial Bank building, traversed the gallery which looks down on the Board of Trade rooms until I reached the artists' resort. The members of the league scarcely need to go outside their own door if they desire to bring their work to the notice of our commercial magnates. If they built a fishing line with a good picture and cast it over the railing into the "pen" below, the day being bright or "Change" a "bite" would be almost certain. The rooms of the league are well equipped with gas jets, which throw their light on the semi-circle of easels ranged around the platform on which the model stands or sits. On the occasion of my visit the model was a nude male, a finely built specimen of humanity about twenty years old. The twenty-four intelligent looking young men behind the easels, were working earnestly and industriously transferring to their paper with crayon or charcoal the figure that stood before them, each drawing from his own point of view. While the model was resting I took a look at the work of the students. I had seen the work of beginners in art before, and it was with the expectation of seeing something that might be a porpoise, or might be a man, I began my examination. To my surprise I found that with one or two exceptions, the artists had succeeded in making very good drawings of the model.

This is the only art organization in Toronto that has a life class in active operation. The members are chiefly young men employed in the lithographing and engraving establishments of the city, who have formed a league for improvement and study, and who intend to put the knowledge so acquired to practical use. The zeal which prompted the formation of the league and which is making it so successful will ultimately place many of these young men as painters and illustrators in the very highest walks of art. The only teaching done is that given by the more advanced members to beginners during the short periods of time while the model rests. Of course it is necessary for a member to have a fair knowledge of drawing before entering the league to derive any benefit from it. But I was told that in the near future a class to draw from the antique will be formed to prepare students for the life drawing. The league meets for drawing three nights a week. At the monthly business meetings a short social programme is usually given and the league intends to extend its scope in time, so as to be to artists what the Press Club is to newspaper men. The league is not a pretentious body, but it is alive and doing good work.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster showed me a study which he has on the easel entitled The Rival Schools. It represents the meeting of two lady teachers out walking with their respective squadrons of bright faced girls. It will make an interesting picture.

The many friends of A. J. Patterson will be glad to welcome him home again from England where he has resided since last July. Mr. Patterson met Mr. Homer Watson, Mr. Verner and other Canadian artists, and reports them doing well. Mr. Watson spent last summer in Scotland studying the rugged grandeur of northern landscapes.

I hear that Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith has been appointed teacher of the Toronto Art School.

VAN.

## Varsity Chat.

The deficit over which I mourned last week, was a myth. I had the highest undergraduate assurance of its existence, but I am happy to say that in its place has loomed up an artistic surplus. The committee is, of course, to be congratulated. The conversazione used to be a society event, but now, instead of the distinguished patronage of a self-created aristocracy, we have the dollars of an honest majority. The age of calculators has come. But then this University is only provincial and, besides, it is exceedingly plebeian—the common people own it, Canadians at that. We do a good deal of work up here, important work, too; but to people of leisure, effort is distasteful, especially mental effort.

Neither his undoubted bravery nor his rumored opposition to co-education is able to save harmless, the gallant knight, our President, from the charms of the charmers. A reception last Saturday afternoon to the lady undergraduates is the sign of his surrender.

By the death of Prof. Young, the University has sustained an almost irreparable loss. It is useless to indulge in panegyrics. To those who have not known him, pen would fail to express the worth of his character and our admiration for him, while those who know him would justly blame me for attempting such a theme.

Mr. Dale has, at last, resumed his classes, and everyone is pleased to see him.

The regular meeting of the Modern Language Club was held on Monday afternoon. The topic was Women Authors. Miss Platt, '91, sang. This is a pleasing innovation. When criticism was called for coaxing failed to draw out any of the ladies. Mr. Brebner, '90, read a long and sympathetic essay on W. D. Howells.

The annual meeting of the Rugby Football Club was held yesterday afternoon at five. It is too soon to predict anything, but I have no doubt our old reputation will be fully maintained next fall.

NEMO.

## The Champions of Imperial Federation.

The Imperial Federation meeting last Saturday evening was a success, though the hall would certainly have held a few more people. The audience, however, was exceedingly intelligent and responsive. Very few speakers get such a hearty send-off as was given to Mr. Parkin, the whole audience standing on their feet and cheering when he completed his able address. Mr. Long, too, the president of the branch in Peterborough, pleased his hearers with his smooth and beautifully rounded sentences. His voice, though musical, was not quite strong enough to make his words as effective as they might have been. President Cattanach and Major-General Laurie said some sensible and timely things, but a man speaks to great disadvantage when on the platform with a man like Mr. Parkin, who has made the subject a special study for the past ten or twelve years, and has entered into it with an earnest directness and thorough equipment of facts which leave very little for anyone else to add. It was the first time I had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Clark, and one cannot help almost envying him the charming manner and diction which have made him one of the most popular of Toronto's orators. Another noticeable feature of the evening was the number of ladies in the gallery. They listened attentively and were as enthusiastic as any of the masculine auditors.

PRESIDENT CATTANACH.

MR. PARKIN

There is one feature worthy of criticism, I hope the League will pardon the suggestion, but sentiment, necessary as it is to the life of the nation and powerful as it has always been proved to be in advancing a cause, is not sufficient in itself. Mr. Parkin's power is in his facts, and no speaker can make a permanent impression who does not provide the hearer with something substantial which, after he leaves the meeting, he can urge as a reason why he is an Imperial Federationist. Lofty sentiments such as were uttered on Saturday evening may raise an audience to the height of enthusiasm without permanently affecting their future course. The man who is convinced by hard facts will remain convinced until his position is changed by still stronger arguments. A thorough review of the material benefits which would accrue to Canada and the other colonies, should have a place in every Imperial Federation address. Moreover the public should be given to understand that Imperial Federation is not an aristocratic fad proposed by *dilettante* politicians, and seconded by those who have nothing else to do. To be successful it must be brought down to the people, who should be told that it is perfectly consistent with the most advanced democracy, and when carried out will be the greatest triumph ever achieved of the principle of government "of the people, for the people." Mr. Parkin was careful to make this plain and to show that the strong British impulse to have a voice in the government of his country, characteristic of every Anglo-Saxon, is but finding expression in the demand that we have something to say with regard to the conduct of the Imperial Government which now is as liable to involve us in wars as it could be under Imperial Federation. Federation of Great Britain and all her self-governing colonies would be such a strong alliance as to render her impregnable, and we should remember it is the weak, not the strong who have to fight.

MR. LONG.

MAJOR-GEN. LAURIE.

## Count Herbert Bismarck.

As the Iron Chancellor of Germany comes under the influence of age, it is becoming evident that he desires his son, the subject of the present sketch, to succeed to his position.

Count Herbert Bismarck is in his thirty-ninth year. He was born at Berlin in December, 1849. Like his father, he served in the army before he entered the Diplomatic Service. He now ranks as Major in the Magdeburg Cuirassiers. His rapid advancement, before he was made Secretary of State, was owing to the great Chancellor's desire to have at his side a man in whom he could place implicit confidence. Prince Bismarck is, above all, a judge of human nature. After having searched among his several secretaries, Von Bulow, Von Radowitz, Count Hatzfeldt and Prince Von Hohenlohe, he at length, in 1855 appointed his son, Herbert Bismarck, whom he was endeavoring to model after his own image, to the position of Foreign Secretary. Previous to that he had been sent to study diplomacy, first at Munich, then at Berne, Dresden and Berlin, where he arrived in 1881 with the title of Secretary of Legation.

Meanwhile the Chancellor interfered in an *affaire du coeur* between his son and a lady of rank, the beautiful Princess Elizabeth of Carolath-Beuthen, whom he desired to marry. Prince Bismarck opposed the marriage, and eventually forced the lady to get a divorce, which at the time created a great stir. After two years' study in Berlin, Count Herbert was made Ambassador to most of the European Courts. He stayed in London, where he became acquainted with English politicians, the influence of which we can trace to the Court of the future Frederic III., at that period still in good health. He afterwards went to St. Petersburg, and to Vienna, presumably to ratify the Austro-German Treaty of 1879. In 1885 his father made him Secretary of State and colleague of his other Ministers.

One must not imagine that to be Secretary to Prince Bismarck is by any means a sinecure, but the Chancellor appears to have found a man after his heart in his son. Though blest with an iron constitution, and an immense capacity for work, his father does not allow him to be anything but a Secretary, an active, disciplined, discreet and faithful assistant to himself. Count Herbert lately visited London, and stayed also in Dublin, the guest of the Lord Lieutenant.

## Nye and Riley.

It was a pathetic scene. Bill Nye sat in the Russell House reading room, with his rather long legs hugging three sides of a steam radiator, while his attitude indicated a wild, ambitious longing to complete the circuit. His eyes were half closed behind the protecting glasses which perched coquettishly upon his nose, and his classic features reflected the calm enjoyment which usually results from an earnest career. As his features extend in an unbroken line of undiversified prairie land over and beyond the crown of his head, the reflection was extensive. The cranial development of the popular humorist is largely an open secret. He evidently has nothing in particular to conceal. His general attitude in the chair would have formed a profound study for a seeker after the rare and unique. He seemed to be telescoped. The observer could not but experience a burning desire to seize him by the extremities and shake him out of his folds to see how long he was, anyhow. His form was contracted and drawn up, and lapped over, until he was about right for a pocket piece. His smoothly shaved face was a rare study from the old masters. Genius stood out all over it in sharp corners and sharp angles. Large, angry looking bumps of intelligence swarmed in clusters at every point where it was possible for them to obtain a foothold. When approached, he slowly unfolded himself, shot out into the ambient atmosphere from both extremities, and rose to his feet with that air of slow, patrician dignity which denotes a line of distinguished ancestry that can readily be traced back into the woodshed of English history.

"Yes," he said, with the sweet, sad smile which has been so often photographed, "I am Bill Nye. When we get better acquainted you can call me Edgar William Nye for short. I was not always the sad wreck which you now see me. Once I was young and beautiful, and pure as the unsullied snow. What I am now the lecture platform and railway trains have made. For three months now Mr. Riley and myself have not missed an evening, and we have three months more of the same sort of thing ahead of us. You doubtless think I am a sad and depressing spectacle, but just wait till you see Riley. I left him upstairs asleep. If you will come up to our rooms, I will see if I can arouse him from his lethargy. The rooms are directly over this reading-room, and I think I heard him snoring most of the time while I sat here. From the vigor and energy with which he seemed to be working, the contract must be nearly completed."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the famous Indiana dialect poet, stood by the mantel in his handsome apartment, one elbow resting thereon in a dejected way, and a tired, far-away look in his pale blue eyes. His face is also smooth-shaven, his hair light in color, straight, and worn rather long. In stature he is considerably shorter than his gifted companion. His countenance bears the imprint of genius in every lineament, being also stamped with the gentleness which is an invariable characteristic of the true poet.

"This is a hard sort of life we are leading just at present," he said, by way of apology for the weary air which was so apparent. "It is all travel and work, with little time for rest and none whatever for recreation."

"That's a fact," said Mr. Nye, with emphasis. "Know of any wood sawyer about here who would like to swap jobs with me without demanding too much boot?"

"Your tour is very successful, is it not?" was suggested

"Yes, it has been that," was the reply. "I now own a two-thirds interest in the business, notwithstanding the fact that I am under bureau management. As for Mr. Riley, he prefers to travel on a salary, thus avoiding all business care and worry. I am also largely interested in the Chicago publishing house which brought out my latest book. Yes, I have done very well indeed, and have no reason for grumbling, even though I am overworked."

"Did you find removal from the west to New York a good business venture?"

"I am glad to be able to say that I did," was the reply. "I hesitated a long time over it and made the venture with fear and trembling. I went there to accept a position on the New York *World*, my salary for the first year being $6,000. During that year I wrote for the *World* exclusively. In re-engaging with the paper, in lieu of an advance in salary I secured the privilege of using my *World* articles in a number of other papers. This has proved to be an exceedingly profitable arrangement for me, and more than trebled my original salary."

"Do you have to court the queer and amusing phrases which render your articles so irresistibly funny?"

"No, they come to me naturally. I guess I must have been born that way. Sort of a large scarlet birth mark, you know.

"Are your productions all in the line of verse?" Mr. Riley was asked.

"Almost entirely. I have engagements ahead which I often fear I shall be unable to fill. I have fallen into the way of writing dialect verse successfully and the public won't allow me to do anything else. The idea is not altogether pleasant to me, either. I am ambitious and would like to do something higher and better in the poetry line, but I really cannot find the necessary time for making the attempt. Years ago it was a struggle to get anybody to publish what I wrote, even when no price was attached, then fame came upon me suddenly, and now the struggle is all the other way, to keep from overworking myself."

"Do you do any newspaper work nowadays?"

"Comparatively little," was the reply, "and what I turn out is all in the shape of poetry. I still live in Indianapolis and am forced to do a little work for the home papers for old time's sake."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Champion Liar.

"When the wind starts in to blow in Wyoming Territory," continued the champion liar, "most all other business stops. There was a chap down East who got the idea that he could burst up a cyclone by shooting a charge of powder into it. We had a gun cast to try the experiment. After laying around Iowa and Kansas for a couple of years, trying to get a shot at a full-grown cyclone, a man up here told him if he could break up one of these wind storms he would have the softest kind of a snap on a cyclone. One day there was a flat car set off here, with a gun on board as long as the car, and about ten feet across the muzzle. He had it set up on that hog-back hill over yonder. About eight o'clock one morning, after he had everything ready, the wind began to get up a head. At ten, one of the boys told him he had better shoot, or the wind would blow it off the hill. Well, he set it off. It made a thundering racket, and I thought, for a minute, he had knocked the tar out of the wind, but the next gust knocked the breech out of the gun, and of all the deafening noises I ever heard the most ear-splitting was made by the wind blowing through that gun! People ran into their houses, shut themselves up, and wrapped bed-quilts around their heads.

"The mayor ordered it taken down. The owner hired a lot of us to help him. He happened to get in front of it and the wind took him through it like a rifle ball! He never showed up here again. The next gust took the gun shrieking over the range. A short time ago some parties came from Denver to put down an artesian well. They were down about six hundred feet, when late one night the whole town was turned out by a noise that sounded as though about a million of railroad whistles were blowing. Some thought the gun had got back, while others argued that the wind had blown a hole through the mountain. When daylight came we found that the bottom of the artesian well had blown out and the wind was howling down through, and not a drop of water to be seen. They tried to sell that bottomless and eternally shrieking hole to the city as a 'curio.' But it was declared a nuisance and filled up.

"There is the bell for Sunday-school," he hurriedly added. "I have a class to teach, so I will have to bid you good-morning."

I was so stunned by the grandeur of the man's lying that I allowed him to get away without shooting him.

## And the Thermometer at Zero.

Goldstein (to party who has just rescued his son)—S'help me gracious, mine frent, could you mindt goin' under for dos other skate!—*N. Y. Life.*

# WITCH HAZEL;

## Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

*Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.*

### CHAPTER XLV.

CHESTER OSBORN'S STORY.

Mrs. Stewart was stricken dumb by the amazing announcement she had just heard, every other thought and feeling submerged in the overwhelming piece of news.

But she recovered herself ere long, and drew her elegant form to its full height.

"Mr. Osborn, this is no time for idle words like these," she said, in a voice of cold displeasure.

"They are not idle words—God knows they are anything but idle words to me," he cried, lifting his hands high above his head with a gesture of despair. "I loved her as I never believed it possible for any man to love a woman. Oh, Helena! where are you? what is the mystery of your existence at this moment? Perhaps you, with your disembodied sight, can see me through the vail which I cannot pierce; if so, you must know, at last, the strength, devotion, and faithfulness of the heart that was yours alone, and which you so trampled upon."

"Mr. Osborn, will you explain yourself?" Mrs. Stewart said, in a weak, agitated voice, as he paused.

Her question recalled him to himself, and he turned toward her.

"Helena was married to me six years ago this very month," he said, in a calm, convincing tone.

"I cannot believe it!" gasped Mrs. Stewart, stricken almost strengthless by his words, and yet she did believe it nevertheless; his manner was too assured, his words too solemn to admit of doubt, strange as they seemed.

"Sit down and let me tell you about it," he said, placing a chair for her, and she sank wearily upon it, while he took another and turned his back upon the bed, for he could not talk over the bitter past with that white, still face before him.

"It was before misfortune fell upon our house," he resumed, "when the Osborns were prosperous, and society considered us worthy to be admitted within its gilded circle. Helena and I were both young and thoughtless, and fond of gayety in those days. I had loved her when we went to school with each other, and that affection only grew and strengthened when society threw us together again. One day, six years ago the first of this month, a company of us went for a day's picnic to Coney Island—you doubtless remember it, for we missed the first evening boat and were obliged to wait for the next, and you were very anxious about Helena. It was while waiting that, that some one of our party suggested games to pass away the time. We were in a private parlor of one of the hotels, and spent more than an hour in a gay frolic. Then, all at once, Archie Colyer cried: 'Let's have a mock wedding, and instantly Helena and I were singled out for the bride and groom, many jokes having been cracked at our expense during the day, for we were really very fond of each other. But there was no one of the party who was willing to officiate as clergyman, and Archie slipped out of the room, soon returning with the clerk of the hotel, who was a great friend of his, although several years older, and informed us that he would perform the ceremony. It seemed to be great fun to the rest of the party, and poor Helena was bubbling over with merriment, although she went through her part to perfection; but to me, strange enough, it was very real, for it was the one desire of my life to win Helena, and I could not help hoping that the time would come when this mock ceremony would become real. We went through with the form of a reception afterward, and everybody was in the highest of spirits and persisted in carrying out the joke all the way home.

"But you can imagine something of my dismay when, about a week later, I received a letter from the clerk of the hotel telling me that, much as he shrank from the task, he was obliged to inform me that that mock ceremony had been a legal one. He had been appointed justice of the peace two days previous, but, owing to some delay in the announcement of the appointment, he did not receive the notice of it until three days later. He advised me to confer with my own parents and those of the young lady, and have the marriage set aside, as could easily be done if we were both agreed, and there was no undue delay. He pledged himself to secrecy and stated that it was the last time that he should ever lend himself to anything of the kind.

"I at once went to Helena and told her. At first she refused to believe it, declaring that the clerk was only amusing himself at our expense. But, when I finally convinced her that it was the exact truth, she absolutely refused to allow me to breathe one word about it to anybody. She pledged me to secrecy, saying that it would only create a terrible scandal if legal measures were adopted to make us free again. It would not really matter much, she said, it would be better to let the affair rest as it was until we were ready to be really married, when we could simply repeat our vows, and no one would be the wiser for what we had done, and no harm or scandal ensue.

"Of course I was only too glad to feel that she was really mine, and willing to abide by the bond which united us, for I loved her with my whole heart, though I could not feel that we were doing right to conceal the truth from our parents. Then came our troubles, and the misfortune that left me penniless, with the burden of my mother's and sister's support resting upon me. Of course then I could not ask Helena to share my life of poverty and deprivation, but I begged and believed that she would be true to me, and I would bend all my energies toward winning a position worthy of her. At first she was kind and sympathetic, but as society dropped me, and our former friends gave me the cold shoulder, she too began to treat me with indifference, and final y declared that she did not believe after all that our marriage was legal, and she would not submit to being fettered in any such way.

"This was the state of things between us when you left for Europe. I loved Helena far too well to compel her to acknowledge a union that was repulsive to her; I was too proud also on account of my poverty, and you can imagine what I suffered when the ocean divided us and I knew not when I should see her again, or how her feelings toward me might be affected by this change. I struggled on for three years to support my mother and sister. Then my sister was married and made a home for herself. My mother died only a few months afterward and then, as if in mockery of all my previous misery and struggles, came the message which told me that I was a rich man. An uncle in the far East had died, leaving me a large property. I at once threw up my situation in Macy's and came to England, where I heard you were making your home. I traced you to Osterly, where I came across Helena one day in the rhododendron garden. She was nearly frightened to death at first, then she became very angry as well. The anger and fright were too much for her, and caused the fainting which so alarmed you at that time."

"At last that mysterious affair is explained," said Mrs. Stewart, drawing a long breath. "I could never account for it, and Helena would never give me any satisfaction regarding the affair; she always evaded the subject, and then changed the topic."

"I lost a glove at that time, and a valuable ring with it; it was one that Helena gave me during our earlier and happier days. I think very likely she may have found it afterward, and you may discover it among her trinkets; if you should, I would like it again as a keepsake. She believed me still the poor Chester Osborn, whom she had refused to recognize as her husband before leaving home, and she believed that I had followed her hither to force her to acknowledge our marriage, and she utterly refused to have any communication with me.

"After she came to Brighton I followed her, and met her one night in the summer-house yonder. Do you know that it was Helena who broke Miss Graham's arm.

"No!—impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart, aghast.

"It is true, nevertheless," Mr. Osborn went on. "It seems that Miss Graham was sitting in the summer-house before I went there, where I had appointed a meeting with Helena. She could not know what I was there for—indeed, she told Helena that she was very much frightened, but, hoping that I would go away soon, she kept still, and presently Helena came. We had an exciting scene. I had heard that she was going to marry Lord Hartwell, and I was determined that she should not commit such a wrong. She declared that she would never acknowledge our marriage, and threatened that she would sue for a divorce and put the case into some lawyer's hands who would obtain it without publicity. This nearly drove me wild, for I still loved her devotedly, although I was too proud, even then, to tell her of the great change in my circumstances. I could not stoop to buy my wife's affection. I left her in a passion, but I had not taken a dozen steps when I returned, repentant and ready to sue for forgiveness for the unkind things that I had said. Helena had entered the summer-house, and I heard her talking with Miss Graham, who had heard all her conversation with me, and who refused Helena's demand that she should pledge herself to unconditional secrecy. She urged her to confide in you, and promised that she would keep her secret as long as she remained silent, more than that she would not concede, and Helena, enraged at her perversity, pushed or threw her against the seat in such a way that her arm was broken, although I did not know that at the time—it was dark and I could not see. She cried out at the moment of the injury and then became so still that I imagined nothing serious had happened. It seems she fainted, and Helena left her there, going back to her company."

"Oh, my wayward girl!" sobbed Mrs. Stewart, in bitter grief; "and Hazel bore it with such noble patience, never compromising her by so much as a word or look."

"I saw Helena again on the evening after Miss Graham's trial," Mr. Osborn continued, "when I stated again for her love as I never had before; I even humbled myself to tell her of my wealth, and offered to place her in any position she might desire. Then she nearly broke my heart by confessing her love for Dr. Morton."

"Oh! was she still infatuated with him?" groaned Mrs. Stewart.

Then she started and grew suddenly pale, as she remembered that Dr. Morton's engagement to Hazel has been whispered among a favored few that night.

Had Helena heard of it? Was it that which had made her talk so strangely!—was it that which had driven her to—

The thought was too horrible even to be framed in words, but it made the woman cower and shiver until it seemed as if every drop of blood in her body had been congealed.

"This confession was the last drop in my bitter cup," said Mr. Osborn; "I had resolved then and there that she should be free if she would—that I myself would seek a divorce which should make her both free, and she should no longer chafe against the irksome fetters that bound her. I could not tell her so at that time, for another gentleman called just then, but I came here to-night to tell her that to-morrow I should send to my lawyer in New York to take immediate steps for a divorce. I had no opportunity, however, to be alone with her, and I could not get a word with her in private. I lingered about the grounds after every guest had departed, so no chance presented to me, my hotel, and hoping by some means to get an interview with her. I saw you when you went down to the landing, and then your shriek told me that something dreadful had happened, and I ran to your assistance. I can never tell you what I have suffered during the short time of my life in England; but what her lying there so still and white"—he glanced despairingly toward the bed where Helena lay—"I can almost forget the pain she has caused me, and remember only her beauty and grace, and how dear she was to me—how I would have worshiped her, and gratified her every wish, and honored her as my wife, if she would have consented to let our marriage be known. I can realize, too, how all this must pain you, but I felt that it was only right that you should learn the truth, and that I should have the comfort, for once, of owning my wife before she should be laid away from my sight forever. Oh, Helena! Helena!"

He threw himself upon the floor by the bedside, dropped his head upon the pillow beside that golden one, and gave himself up to his great and overwhelming sorrow.

Mrs. Stewart arose and went to him, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. She too seemed to age many years during the last hour.

"Mr. Osborn," she said, "your great mistake was in not coming to me in the first place, in own the truth of this unfortunate marriage; it would have saved us all much sorrow. I have not, in many things, been a wise mother; I have been vain of Helena's great beauty, and ambitious that she should make a brilliant match; but I never would have countenanced a wrong of this kind. If I had known of her union with you, she, at least, should never have occupied a false position in the world. But"—an expression of anguish swept over the bereaved mother's face as she glanced at her broken idol—"death has settled the matter for all time; she can wrong you no more—she can never deceive others or lure them by her loveliness or charm of manner; but no one knows her secret save Miss Graham, you, and I—shall we hold it sacred? shall we bury her and the sad mystery of her life with her? Will you forgive her now, as she lies here, the wrong and sorrow that she has caused you? Will you try to forget her faults and remember only that she, perhaps, was not so much to blame as the mother who, all her life, has neglected her duty in not leading her children to strive after higher things than mere pleasure and worldlities? Oh! Mr. Osborn, this has made me broken-hearted, and I feel as if I can never recover from the shock of this night. I knew that Helena had her faults, and serious ones, too; but I never would have believed that she could have been guilty of all this which you have revealed; that she would have denied her marriage, and in the face of it tempted others to win her; that she would have done personal violence to Miss Graham, or that she would have taken my diamond necklace to fill up the measure of her jealousy and dislike for her. How she must have suffered, my poor, erring child! with that fetter of her guilt bound continually about her neck, and now I can understand why she has, of late, insisted upon wearing high, close dresses—it was to conceal this."

Mrs. Stewart took the necklace from her bosom and looked upon it with tearful eyes.

"I would rather have lost it forever and given its value many times over than to have had it restored to me in this way," she sobbed.

Chester Osborn arose and took it from her.

"This is the necklace which Miss Graham was supposed to have taken?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"I imagined as much when I saw her tonight," he said, returning it. "It told its own story; but we will keep this and all other wrong things to ourselves; no one shall ever learn from me the startling revelations of this night; I will guard her as faithfully in death, as I would have shielded her in life, and no breath of evil shall touch her. She made a mistake and fell, losing her life in consequence; the world and the coroner must learn nothing else, and Helena Stewart's fair fame shall never be sullied by the shadow of an evil suspicion. I will go now and leave you, for I would not cause remark by my presence here."

He took the woman's hand in a sad farewell; he bent down and looked long and earnestly upon the waxen features of the bride whom he had never been allowed to claim; touched her marble brow with white, reverent lips; then went out of that chamber of death and made no sign of the great agony that well-nigh mastered him.

Three days later they laid beautiful Helena Stewart away in the narrow house that would henceforth hide her from the world, where she had shone so bright a star.

She had been lovely in life, she was exquisite in death, as, robed in spotless white, she rested within a white casket, a handful of lilies of the valley held in her marble fingers.

The tragic event threw a gloom over the entire city, for Helena had been a great favorite in society where.

"How sad!" was the expression heard on every hand; "so beautiful, so brilliant, fitted for any position, and now cut off in the very morning of her life."

How sad indeed! Even the angels must have wailed their faces, weeping over wasted years and neglected opportunities; over brilliant powers and talents perverted; over an immortal soul that went so recklessly out of life to meet its Creator and its Judge.

Mrs. Stewart was a changed and saddened woman from that day; the strength and vigor of her life seemed suddenly to have departed. She could have borne to have buried her beautiful daughter under ordinary circumstances, but the knowledge of her inner life, with its wrong and guilt, with the consciousness, too, that but for her own neglect of duty it might have been far differ ent, crushed her to the earth, and she never rallied from the shock

A week later Crescent Villa was closed, and its occupants went to London where they took apartments not far from the residence of the Earlescourts.

Percy Morton henceforth took his position in the world and in his profession as the son of Sir Henry Harwood. The singular story of his life created great deal of interest among the personal friends of the eminent physician, and every one was glad for him that the dearest wish of his life had been granted—namely, that a son should succeed him and perpetuate, by his skill, the reputation which he had established for himself.

Charlie Howard devoted himself to the bar, and bade fair to attain an honorable position, while the admiration which he had evinced for the sister of his friend Percy Morton, when he met at Mrs. Stewart's reception, seemed to strengthen and develop very rapidly, and their engagement was announced during the season that followed.

A brilliant winter ensued for Hazel, who, with Marie, was presented at court, while both were much admired and great favorites in the circles in which they moved.

It was announced during the season that Miss Graham's marriage with young Doctor Harwood would take place the following June, and before that day arrived, the betrothal of Marie Earlescourt to Lord Nelson Harwood was made public, while it was finally arranged that a double wedding should occur in June.

Lord Nelson was at first somewhat humiliated by his apparent fickleness in so soon transferring his affection from Hazel to Marie; but he had realized, after becoming more intimately acquainted with the lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earlescourt, that the depths of his heart had not really been stirred until then, in spite of the terrible disappointment which he had experienced by Hazel's rejection of his suit.

The duchess was very much pleased with his choice.

"I shall have a daughter of Emilie Earlescourt, after all, to bless my declining age, and then after we at Osterly," she said, with a sigh of content, when he had told her of his engagement and the fair girl was at once taken to the grand old lady's heart, and every possible evidence of affection lavished upon her.

Mrs. Stewart withdrew herself entirely from society, too crushed and broken in spirit to feel that she could ever return to fashionable life again. People regarded her with great sympathy, commenting upon her "excessive grief and inconsolable affection for her children;" when, if they could but have known, she was mourning more over her own reprehensible neglect of duty in not training her daughters more carefully with reference to the great future before them. She seemed wholly changed; she was both saddened and humbled, and devoted herself to Belle, and to doing good work among the poor and sorrow-burdened people about her.

Belle, too, was greatly changed. She was far more gentle in her manner; the old haughtiness of spirit, which had so often clashed with her mother and sister, had almost wholly disappeared, and she rapidly developed into a thoughtful, tender daughter, while, at the same time, she bent her energies toward the perfection of her education, and to the cultivation of her music, for which, under Hazel's inspiring instruction, she had developed a rare talent.

Her affection for Hazel increased with every day; she was her pattern and guide, her model of excellence, and she strove to emulate her in every possible way. Of Marie, too, she continued to be very fond, and these lovely girls were never happier than when they formed a trio by themselves.

Marie went often to visit Mrs. Stewart, and grew to love her, too, in her softened mood. She brightened many a sad hour for her, and strove to direct her grief-burdened mind toward the great Burden-bearer and Comforter of sorrow-laden humanity.

On the 5th of June, in 1887, a brilliant double wedding occurred in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, while the romantic history connected with both brides made the occasion doubly interesting to every one who was so fortunate as to be invited to witness the ceremony.

Both brides wore pure white satin, which was greatly enhanced by elegant vails that had been made in Brussels expressly for the occasion, and which were the gift of the duchess to the fair girls of whom she was so fond. Natural orange flowers fastened them in place upon the head, and were caught in the graceful drapings of the soft material upon their dresses.

Mrs. Earlescourt's gift to Hazel was the costly diamond necklace which had proved the identity and given her back to her mother, while Mrs. Stewart gave Marie the one belonging to herself.

But very few ever knew that it was the necklace that had been lost; many believed that Mrs. Earlescourt's had been duplicated for the occasion, so that the lovely brides might fare alike.

Mr. Sargent, the detective who had been so indefatigable in his search for the missing treasure, sought an interview with Mrs. Stewart after her return to London, in which he made known to her that he had traced the crime to Helena, and felt justly entitled to the reward that had been offered. He considerately remarked that he had no wish to increase her sorrow by making the sad facts public, and would not do so under any circumstances now that the girl was dead; still he felt that he had earned his money.

Mrs. Stewart paid it without a demur, and thanked the man for being so considerate of her feelings.

Chester Osborn followed the Stewarts to London, and was often a visitor in their quiet parlor. Belle was first maid to the brides at the wedding, and he was requested to act as her escort. The young girl looked very lovely in her spotless white crape, with a basket of pure white pansies as her only ornament; and it was quietly whispered at the grand reception afterward that the wealthy Mr. Osborn was quite devoted to her—that possibly he might be only waiting for her to complete her education before asking her to go back to America with him.

It is doubtful, however, if even Chester Osborn had entertained any hopes of this kind at that time; but he was an ever welcome visitor at Mrs. Stewart's, and Belle was evidently very fond of him, and studied diligently to make herself companionable to him. The future may unite them; we cannot tell.

After the return of the bridal party from the Continent, Hazel became the mistress of a beautiful home in London, where her husband's profession chained him, so to speak, during most of the year, and where she bade fair to be as dearly loved and honored in society in the future as her mother had been in the past.

Osterly Park became the home of Marie, although the Hartwell town house was always open and the scene of many a brilliant reception during the London season, and thus the young duchess-elect was much with her own friends in the city.

Her grace is still a bright and charming old lady, who almost worships her grandson and his beautiful wife, and who is never happier than when she can tempt Hazel and Belle out out to Osterly, where with the three delightful young people about her, she says she feels almost as if she was very near to, if not quite in, Paradise.

[THE END.]

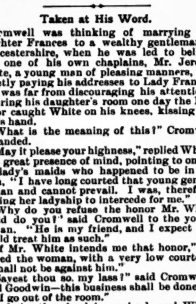
### How He Settled.

Jack Spendthryft (to his valet)—What have you there, Whiskbroome!

Whiskbroome—A note from your haberdasher, sir. They say: "We will thank you to send us the amount of your bill by return of mail."

Jack Spendthryft (fishing a statement from his pocket)—Whiskbroome, write them while I dictate. (Dictates) "The amount of your bill is exactly $397.85. You are quite welcome.'

### A Bitter Awakening.



Mr. Jubal T. Early Bird (wrapped in sweet slumbers, is visited by the vision of a beautiful being, who, tenderly bending over him, whispers softly):

"Whirr! rrh—rrh! Tang-a-lang! Bang—whang—yang!!"—*Puck.*

### Taken at His Word.

Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter Frances to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was led to believe that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a young man of pleasing manners, was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions. Entering her daughter's room one day the Protector caught White on his knees, kissing the lady's hand.

"What is the meaning of this?" Cromwell demanded.

"May it please your highness," replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the pictures on the wall, which happened to be in the room, "I have long courted that young gentlewoman and cannot prevail. I was, therefore, praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

"Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you?" said Cromwell to the young owl-eyed lady, with a very low courtesy.

"I shall not be against him."

"Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell; "call Goodwin—this business shall be done before I go out of the room."

Goodwin, the chaplain, arrived, and White was married on the spot to the young woman.

### She Gets All the Attention.

The residents at Ostend tell a marvellous tale of a young lady who, all through the winter, has taken her daily plunge and swim in the sea, with as much apparent enjoyment as if it were the warmest of weather! It scarcely seems possible that she could endure the intense cold of the waves; but so runs the tale, she comes forth every day, about noon, from her little bathing-hut on the sands duly arrayed in an irreproachable swimming costume, and plunges into the water as if she liked it, remaining afloat for about a quarter-of-an-hour.

### Princeton College Humor.

One day Dr. McCosh came into the mental philosophy class and said:

"Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression!"

"Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What! no one knows! No one can tell me what an impression is!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dint in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."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# A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND B. SHEPPARD

*Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

THEIR TROUBLES ARE NOT YET OVER.

Dell's relations with Mrs. King had, day by day, grown more embarrassing. The widow lost no opportunity of being sarcastic and disagreeable, while Dell had ignored even positive rudeness, in her efforts to conciliate the angry woman. As long as Dell felt she was doing her duty for duty's sake, her pride consented to be trampled upon, and she was not supremely miserable in the sacrifices she was making, but when her attitude towards Tully changed she felt that an actual rivalry existed between her and Mrs. King and her continued residence in the home of her late guardian would therefore be impossible. The thought of being accused, when the facts became known, of having pretended to be actuated by a sense of duty when in reality it would appear that her love for Tully had been the true reason for her conduct, was insupportable. Of course she had not told Mrs. King that duty instead of inclination had prompted her actions, but yet she had hoped the perverse woman would see it in that light, and in a dozen ways she had tried to prove that she had estranged Tully from her for her own good. Now that the moral support of an unselfish intention had been withdrawn, how could she meet Madge's sneers or endure the manner which, as plainly as words, reminded her, "you are a guest in my house; you know what would make me happy and are robbing me of it; how dare you stay under my roof and treat me thus?"

Tortured by these thoughts and her fear that Tully, though repentant and persuasive, was after all, a dangerous man, she was poorly fortified against the assault Mrs. King made upon her resolution. Dell was sitting in her dressing-room, feeling weak and nervous, when she heard a knock, and Madge with tear-stained face and heart-broken mien, hesitatingly opened the door and asked if she might come in. Dell guessed what was coming and, with sinking heart, begged her tearful visitor to be seated.

"Dell! Dell!" sobbed Mrs. King, dropping upon her knees and burying her face in Dell's lap, "I can't stand this another hour, I'm going mad! I know I've treated you shamefully, but I couldn't help it, I love him so! Oh I do love him so, so much! You have no idea how my whole future is bound up in him, how I think of him every moment, dream of him, feel the touch of his hand, see the look in his eyes, and long for just one word from him, but now you have taken him from me, and he never even looks at me. Oh, Dell! Dell! do please give him up to me. You don't love him and I do—I love him better than all the world besides—better than my soul. Dell, please, oh please give him up to me! On my bended knees I beg, I implore you to let him love me!"

Dell's hand rested lightly and tenderly on Madge's bowed head, but her face was turned away from the humiliating sight, and a deathly sickness was creeping into her heart as she listened to the pitiful petition.

"Madge," she said, as the kneeling woman became more vehement, "get up, you degrade yourself by acting in this way."

But Madge clung to Dell's knees and refused to rise. "Take pity on me," she begged, while Dell, with both hands, sought to gently push the uplifted weeping face from her.

"Pity me!" she cried. "For God's sake, pity me. For the sake of the years we have spent together, for what I have tried to do for you, pity me, Dell, and let me have him. For John's sake, if you loved him, g——"

"Madge, how dare you breathe your husband's name!" exclaimed Dell, in horror, struggling, but ineffectually, to release herself from the embrace of Mrs. King's arms. "How dare you profane the name of your noble husband by urging my love and respect for him as a reason why I should consent to you marrying another!"

"I dare do anything, say anything, to win Steve Tully! I care for nothing and nobody in the wide world but him! I don't care what sacrifice I make!"

"Madge," cried Dell, impatiently, "you at least are sacrificing my respect by going on in this way. I could not have thought it possible for a woman to so far forget every sense of dignity and common sense."

"I tell you I don't care for anything or anyone but him," cried Mrs. King, increasing in excitement. "Even if he were your husband I would love him still, and if he asked me I would go to the ends of the earth with him. You talk of forgetting! I have forgotten everything but him. You will never know what it is to love as I do. You don't know what you are doing in coming between us," she cried, growing still more hysterical. "For God's sake, promise me to cease playing the coquette. I know you are doing it because you think it is your duty; but it isn't your duty; it isn't for my good; it will be my ruin, for I intend to keep on loving him, no matter what happens."

Dell by a quick, angry movement escaped from Mrs. King's embrace and stood looking scornfully at the kneeling woman who, with her hands clasped before her, seemed utterly regardless of her distraught appearance.

"Madge," answered Dell, scornfully, "you are acting like a crazy woman, and talking like a wicked way that you will be ashamed of in your calmer moments. Say no more, but get up and bathe your eyes."

As Dell reached down to assist her to her feet, Mrs. King seized the proffered hand, and after struggling awkwardly to her feet, stood before her for a moment as if ashamed, and then began to cry. "I won't go," she sobbed, "till you promise that you won't come between us again. Promise me, Dell—how can you refuse? You know how I love him, and you know you don't like him a bit."

Dell made no answer.

"You don't like him, do you?" persisted Mrs. King, with a quick indrawing of her breath. "You don't love him?"

A flush had stolen into Dell's pale cheeks before she answered, "It should make no difference to you if I did not, it would not be at all different if I did."

Mrs. King's tears suddenly ceased, her eyes flashed, and with a fierce fling she threw Dell's hand from her. "Oh, I see, you do love him. If I had thought so I wouldn't have made such a fool of myself."

Dell's face paled, but she still made no answer.

"Well, I have made a fool of myself," sneered the widow, with a forced laugh, "in believing that you thought I ought not to marry him, and that it was a sense of *duty* which made you try to separate us. Oh, I see it all now," she cried with a short, harsh laugh, "you want him yourself. Well, you shan't have him, you little hypocrite. I have been a fool indeed, to beg of this fine saint that her *sense of duty* should give way to gratitude. I could lash myself for kneeling and imploring you—*you*—for anything."

"Have you done," inquired Dell, coldly.

"Yes, I have done with you, and the sooner you leave this house the better!"

"Madge," retorted Dell, hotly, "I have sought to do you no harm, and no matter what my motive may have been, you should thank anyone who tried to save you from your madness."

"You needn't try to save me from my madness any longer. I am quite competent to take care of myself,"—and with dignity—"when may I expect the pleasure of your absence?"

"Madge, you know as well as I do that your husband provided in his will that I might remain here until I came of age if I so desired, and though I realize that our relations hereafter can never be as they have been in the past, yet I do not propose to create a scandal by leaving until I can do so on some reasonable pretext."

"Then I will go and stay away until I know you have left. I won't live under the same roof with you, nor breathe the same air that you do." Mrs. King had worked herself into a towering passion and strode out of the room with as much outraged dignity as if she had discovered Dell purloining her spoons. Her carefully calculated tearfulness, the grovelling way in which she had implored Dell to abandon Tully, and her threats of the terrible and shameful things she was willing to do if thwarted, had been a complete failure, and the humiliation of her defeat, intensified by the discovery that Dell was herself in love with Tully, left her no avenue of graceful retreat and, 'standing at bay, she made matters worse by flying into a fury. The moment she had slammed the door of Dell's dressing room she began to regret her hasty and insulting words, not that she was sorry for having wounded her companion, but she realized that if Dell left the house the probabilities were that Mr. Tully would cease to be a visitor. In her boudoir she sat down intending to write a note requesting Dell to remain with her, but instead scrawled a message saying that she proposed leaving the city for a few days and hoped that Miss Browning would look after the house until her return. With Sarah's help a trunk was soon packed and she hurried away, ashamed even to say good-bye to Dell.

"Give that note to Miss Browning when she comes down to dinner," said Mrs. King at the door, "she has a bad headache and I won't disturb her."

Poor Dell, she had a headache indeed, and a heartache as well. Motherless almost from her childhood and bereaved of her father years ago, she had grown up self reliant, but never before had she been called upon to face the world and trust to its tender mercies, without some strong hand to guide her and a luxurious home in which to find refuge. She thoroughly understood that even if Mrs. King recalled her offensive words, 25 Mowburn street could be no longer, in any sense, her home. The sentiment which had prompted the insult would remain, the rivalry between them, the hatred Mrs. King would feel towards her for having deprived her of Tully, would make it impossible for them to be friends. Where could she go? She must certainly leave the city, for if she remained a change of residence would cause very disagreeable comment. It would be quite easy to pass the winter in the south with some friends who had gone to Florida for the season, but the thought of wandering from one hotel to another without any home brought upon her an agony of loneliness, and many and bitter were the tears she shed as she thought of her dear father, and the kind and considerate guardian who had striven to shield her from the woes of orphanage and bestowed upon her a love as pure and tender as a father's. After hours of mental torture she rang for some tea, and dressed to meet Mr. Tully.

When he came his kindly inquiries, excited by her pale face and despondent manner, made her grateful and gentle in her reception of him.

"You look lonely to-night, Dell, he. "You are different from your usual self, and yet somehow, it makes it easier for me Something tells me what you have been suffering, though I would lay down my life to save you from sorrow, yet I confess the thought helps me that perhaps something has happened which may assist you to understand how one may be misunderstood, may suffer and rebel, and still find it impossible to escape from the consequences of a mistake or—as it has been with me—worse than mistakes."

As he spoke he caught sight of the tears which filled her eyes, and a great wave of pity seemed to sweep his ruder self away.

"Forgive me," he whispered bending towards her, "if I have recalled a painful thought or some trouble you have been seeking to forget. It is brutal of me to be glad that sorrow has touched your heart. I cannot hope that any fellow feeling could make you wounded kind to me. My only hope is that the pure and gentle woman has within her heart mercy to forgive the sins which in my prayer I ask to have forgiven. But never, Dell, have you seemed so gentle, so saint-like, as to-night, when your heart is softened by some sadness which I dare not ask you to let me share."

She looked up at him so thankfully that his heart gave a great, joyous bound, and the impulse rose within him then and there to ask her if she loved him, if she would be his wife, but his condemnation of himself interposed, and he drew quickly back.

"I have no right to say what is in my heart, what was on my lips, until I have told you all—I have been the means of losing part of your fortune"—said he ingenuously—"do not start from me. I was innocent of evil design, but careless in not protecting you professionally. The first mistake was in lending that money to Col. Moore. I have since found out that Killick sent Moore to Stryde, who in turn suggested it to me. If I had done my part—if I had heeded Stryde's warning to look into the title myself, I should have discovered the flaw which is likely to make the security worthless; but I didn't. I trusted Killick's creature, Dooley, and the title was passed. Then the Trust and Loan Company's bonds were bought, and again I find that Killick with fiendish malevolence, had lead us to purchase worthless securities, though they were supposed, even by the banks, to be as good as gold. Killick has been engineering a scheme whereby hundreds of thousands of dollars have been loaned by the company on worthless lands and on farm property rated for twice what it is worth, and, now he is safe and his gains secure, he is exposing the frauds of the company which, I fear, will fail. The greater part of your money is thus invested, and though some will remain, the balance will likely be swept away. I have been a dupe, but that is no excuse—I have none! The shame of it makes me wish that I were dead."

Dell's countenance had been a curious study as with shamed, flushed face he told the story of her losses. Poor Tully could hardly finish, his voice trembled so, and when at last he had finished he dared not raise his eyes to hers lest there he might read his condemnation.

"It doesn't matter," she said slowly. "No doubt it is for the best. Don't feel so sorry; it is much less serious than if you had been dishonest or had injured someone who was unable to bear it. Money is a very small part of what is necessary to secure happiness. I believe I shall be happier without it."

"Don't! oh, don't speak so gently, so forgivingly!" exclaimed Tully, in great agitation. "I could bear reproaches, anything better than your kindness. I feel so covered with confusion and shame, I see myself in my true colors—the heartless, reckless fool, the dupe, the betrayer of a sacred trust—the——"

"Please, Mr. Tully, don't think of it again unless a memory of what you suffer now is ever necessary to keep you from future mistakes. I have been proud and idle, how can I reproach you if you have added thoughtlessness to your love of pleasure. Now I must turn towards a more useful life, and I shall sincerely thank God that this happened, if it is the means of starting you on a better career."

Her slender hand rested gently on his as she spoke, and the magnetism of the touch brought hope to his heart. He lifted his bowed head and looked into her eyes.

"God bless you! God bless you! and forgive me," he exclaimed, chokingly. "I am not worthy of your kindness, but you have so deemed me and if the rest of my life can show my gratitude, my love, it shall be devoted to proving that you have saved a soul and made me a man."

"If so, what a trifle my loss will be compared with the gain to yourself and to the world!" said she, almost gaily. "I will always be glad that it happened, for if you try you can be a great man, and, what is ever so much better—a good one."

"Do you believe in me, Dell," he cried, eagerly. "Do you really think I can be as you say?"

"Yes, I am sure," she answered—then after a pause—"now."

"Then will you share my life with me, Dell? Will you help me to live as I ought?" he whispered. "Do not say no; give me some hope. Let me cling to these gentle hands, my love, and I will do anything, everything you would have me be!"

She did not withdraw her hands from his passionate grasp, but looking into his eager eyes as if to read his thoughts, she answered.

"Do not overrate my strength. I, too, am weak but together, with God's help, we may be kept from falling!"

She spoke with a solemnity which forbade a caress, and rising to her feet, they stood face to face, then raising his hand, before heaven he vowed that his life should be devoted to her.

"And to God, dear," whispered Dell.

"Yes and to God who has dealt with me in such infinite mercy," he added, and then he stooped reverently and kissed her.

*(To be Continued.)*

**A Cautious Man Who Looked Ahead.**

He was a mathematical fellow, and given to making intricate calculations on paper. His marriage was to take place on Friday; but he suggested to his prospective mother-in-law that it had better take place on Thursday.

"Why do you wish it changed?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Well," said he, "I have been making a calculation, and I find that my silver wedding will come on a Saturday evening; and that would never do, as that is the evening I have to go to the lodge."

**Not Taking Any Chances**

Merchant.—I trust it will not incommode you, Miss Sweetly, but—er—the fact is, I expect my wife here in about ten minutes, and you will very greatly oblige me by wearing this—er—disguise, while she is present.

Merchant's Wife.—Well, I've heard about the pretty type-writers in business offices; but if that's a specimen, I must say I think their attractions are greatly over-estimated!—*Puck.*

**Brain Work.**

"Uncle Aleck, what are you doing this winter?"

"I'se bookkeepin', boss."

"Bookkeeping?"

"Yas, dats it. De ole 'ooman takes in washin', an' I keeps de count o' de pieces."

**Ahead of Him.**

"How did you lose the end of your nose?" asked the sergeant of a tramp who applied for a lodging ticket a night or two since.

"Farmer struck it off with a corn cutter, sir."

"You must have provoked him."

"Yes, I did. I was trying to strike his head off with a mowing machine, but he got in his blow first."

**In a Quandary.**

Mistah White—Doctah, my little chile done catch de hoopin'-cough.

Doctah Black (after serious thought)—You mus' take tree hairs from a mule's back an' put 'em on dat chile. Dey will cure de chile, but it'll kill de mule.

"But see heah, doctah, I's a poor man, I is, an' I can't afford ter lose dat 'ere mule. Won't takin' de hairs from some odder place cure de chile without killin' de mule?"

"Only one. You kin take 'em from de mule's hind legs."

"But dat ud kill me."

**An Insult.**

Genial Customer (in cheap restaurant)—Is the mutton broth good to-day?

High-toned Waiter—Don't know, sah. I don't eat heah, sah.

**Miseries of Trade.**

Druggist (awakened at 2 a. m.)—What do you wish?

Voice (at the door)—If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you.

**Where the Speeches Come From.**

Mrs. Frankly—I came to congratulate you, my dear, upon the fine speech your husband made at the meeting last night. He was applauded to the echo.

Mrs. Footnit (with a blush of pride)—I'm glad you liked it. Of course it was a good one, or my husband would never have paid the newspaper man twenty-five dollars for writing it.

**He Will Get Over It.**

With what delight that prominent young clergyman who is coming out of the west to wed a wealthy Gotham maiden looks forward to the nuptials, can very well be inferred from the following extract from a letter which he recently wrote to a friend, describing what he expects the approaching ceremony will be like: "Let visions of long lines of choristers, musicians with silver trumpets and many clergymen with capes of cloth of gold, with the bishop gloved and mitred, and then a blushing, gazelle-like form, veiled, drooping, brilliant with old family jewels, almost unwillingly approaching the altar; and from the sacristy a noble and youthful but retiring, long waiting, but never discouraged clergyman, trembingly supported, advancing," etc.

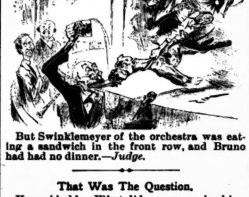
**A Clear Case of Bulldozing.**

Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so terrified and tremblingly over during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married me.

**A Disaster at the Dog-Play**

Heavy Villian—Seek him, good Bruno, and when thou has found him, tear-r-r him limb from limb!



But Swinklemeyer of the orchestra was eating a sandwich in the front row, and Bruno had had no dinner.—*Judge.*

**That Was The Question.**

Youngblude—What did you mean by kissing that strange lady at the reception last night?

De Gaul—That's the same question she asked me.

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I had been troubled, for years, with scalp disease, and my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured my scalp, and gave me a luxuriant head of soft, black hair. — Mrs. E. H. Foster, Lynn, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores a natural color to gray hair, promotes a luxurious growth, and keeps the hair soft and pliant. — Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y.

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I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, and know that it is a reliable specific for Scrofula. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—Wm. W. F. Flower, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

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I was always troubled with a Scrofulous Humor. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally. — Lucia Cass, Chelsea, Mass.

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They are the result of persistent study and experimenting by an expert chemist, and before offered to the public in present form were tested in the most severe cases, and submitted to the highest professional and medical authority, endorsed and pronounced perfectly harmless. Thousands now attest to their virtue, and none need suffer from *Headaches* if they will use Hoffman's Powders. A trial will convince.

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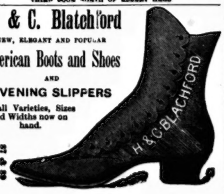


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## Personal.

Ald. Swait entertained his friends at his residence, Gerrard street, on February 25.

The well known face of Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville, Ontario, was to be seen in town at the beginning of the week.

Mrs. Sanderson, who sang at the last Conservatory concert, I am informed intends to go on the stage early in the spring if her health will permit, and she will certainly make a success.

The president and officers of the Deer Park Athletic Association entertained the members and their friends at the residence of Mr. Thos. H. Monk, the president, Glen avenue, on Wednesday, February 20.

A very enjoyable sleighing party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Meyerfey to Eglinton, on Monday evening last, in honor of their guest, Miss Eadowe of Port Hope. After refreshments dancing was indulged in till a late hour.

On Thursday evening, February 21, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, 219 Sherbourne street, was the occasion of a very pleasant surprise party, about thirty couples being present. Dancing was kept up with vigor until about 4 a.m.

Last night's events, left over till next week: Railway Conductors' ball, Doric Lodge reunion and supper; Sergeants' mess, Q. O. R. Twelfth Battalion, York Rangers, annual ball. My columns are crowded this week, and many interesting events have to be left out.

Last Saturday the office staff of Messrs. Sloan & Crowther's wholesale establishment waited on their esteemed fellow employe, Mr. Harry M. Boddy, and presented him with a very handsome case of pipes accompanied with an address, on the occasion of his severing his connection with the firm.

The At Home under the auspices of the Retail Grocers' Association on Monday last was a success. The young people, who were largely in the majority, had a good time. R. J. Lloyd was the caterer, and gave entire satisfaction. Miss Matthews, Miss Barron and Miss Birdie McKeown sang, and Messrs. Forrester, Dunmack, Payne, Falconer, Sheriff and Walmsley took part.

The Canadian Order of Foresters held their annual entertainment in the Pavilion on Thursday evening, March 7, with his worship Mayor Clarke in the chair. A splendid array of talent has been secured for the occasion and a good time may be expected. Miss Morgan, the lady harpist of New York, and Mr. George Fox, the boy violinist, Mrs. McKelcan, Mlle. Adele Strauss, Mr. E. W. Schuch and others are on the programme.

At 189 Spadina avenue, Friday, February 22, Miss Lucy Edna Earls was At Home to a number of her young friends. Among some of those present were: Misses Constance and Ethel Adam, May Flower, Maud Bryce, Maude Allen, Louie Herdman, May Baxter, May Brandon, Mabel Cooey, Alice Gormally, Minnie and Clara McCullough, Masters Elgar Brandon, Charles Powell, Percy Baxter, N. Adam, George Henderson, Harold Brennen, Arthur Cooey, George Bryce, John Gormally, Robert Botsford.

Mr. Alexander Fraser, city editor of the *Mail*, entertained a number of his Scottish friends at a *Ceilidh* last Saturday evening. Songs, music and dancing entertained the guests among whom were: Mr. W. I. and Miss McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. D. Urquhart and Miss Urquhart, Mrs. and the Misses McDougall, the Misses McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Miss Lawson, the Misses McDonald, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, the Misses McLellan, Miss Lake, Miss Banks, the Misses Beaton, Miss Mary Beaton, the Misses Fraser, Mr. Charles and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. McSweyn, Mr. Campbellum, Mr. Evan McColl the Bard of Lock-Fyne, Miss Ella Wilkinson, Mr. and Miss Wilson, Mr. Geo. Wilson, Mr. William Wilson, Mr. A. B. McCallum, Mr. D. M. Robertson, Mr. James Smith, Mr. H. D. Sinclair, Mr. Donald Carmichael, Mr. J. A. Currie, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, Mr. John Fraser, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mr. W. Banks, Mr. P. McArthur, Mr. D. Allen, Mr. J. McCallum, Mr. W. Currie, Mr. Bernard McEvoy and Mr. George M. Harrington.

### Prof. Geo. Paxton Young.

The death of Professor Young, on Tuesday morning, has thrown a gloom over University College, where the veteran professor was universally loved. He was born at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1818, and was educated at Edinburgh. He came to Canada in 1848 and held the pastorate of Knox Church, Hamilton, for about three years. Next he held a professorship in Knox College for a short time, after which he was appointed Inspector of Grammar Schools. In 1871 he was appointed Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics in University College, which position he occupied at the time of his death. Professor Young was never married.

### Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Hardynze Lodge, the residence of the Hon. A. S. Hardy, presented a gay and brilliant appearance on Wednesday evening, February 20, when Mrs. Hardy was At Home to about one hundred of her friends. The drawing and dining rooms were both cleared for dancing, while up-stairs there was a cosy card-room for the non-dancers and a delightful by secluded sitting-room for the kindred spirits who wished to be far from the madding crowd. The number of pretty faces (even for Brantford) was unusual, and I heard many remarks upon the beautiful faces and pretty dresses. Mrs. Hardy wore a black silk, trimmed with jet, and diamond necklace and ornaments. Among those present were: Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Rice and Miss Morrison of Toronto, and Mrs. Kirkland Chatham, guests of the house, Miss Barnhart of Owen Sound, Miss Fiskin of Toronto, Mr. A. D. Hardy of London, Mr. H. Nelles of Toronto. I noticed a few of the dresses, among them those of Mrs. Digby, white silk with train trimmed with Honiton lace, pearl necklace and ornaments; Mrs. Osborne, white silk with ostrich feather trimming, necklace of diamonds and pearls; Mrs. Baldwin, white silk with trimming of irridiscent beads; Mrs. Rice, black satin and lace, trimmed with white ribbon; Mrs. Fred T. Wilkes, black silk and jet, with pink ostrich feathers; Miss Kate Phillip, blue silk with ornaments of steel; Miss Morrison, white satin and pearls; Miss Harris, white silk; Mrs. Walter A. Wilkes, black silk and jet; Mrs. L. E. Blackadder, white silk and gauze, with white carnations; Miss Goold, black silk trimmed with steel passementerie; Miss Helen Goold, cream brocade; Miss Bishop, pink veilling and crepe; Mrs. Secord, biscuit colored satin; Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, black silk, trimmed with gold passementerie; Miss Leonard, cream veilingand lace with natural roses; Miss Dora Leonard, pink veiling and natural roses; Mrs Gibson, white crepe lelse over pink satin; Miss L. Christie, gray velvet and silk; Miss Morton, black satin and lace; Miss Nita Nelles, black lace over pink silk; Miss Bennett, white net over white satin, pearl trimming; Miss May Bennett, pale blue silk, trimmed with darker blue velvet. The programme consisted of sixteen dances and four extras, and dancing was kept up till the early morning.

On Thursday evening a party of ladies and gentlemen went for a long snowshoe tramp, after which they repaired to the residence of Mr. C. H. Watrous for supper, where they were received by Miss De Longe. The remainder of the evening was spent with music and billiards. These snowshoe parties have become very fashionable here and both ladies and gentlemen are enthusiastic about this delightful pastime.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Hardy gave a very pleasant Thimble Party.

On Saturday evening Mrs. L. E. Blackadder entertained a few friends.

On Monday evening Miss Kate Phillip gave a small card party.

Mrs. Muirhead gave a very pleasant party on Monday evening, for Mr. Mice and Miss Barnhart, at which a number of young people were present. The evening was spent with music and cards.

MOUNT FOREST.

The bachelors of Mount Forest enjoy a most enviable reputation for hospitality but on Tuesday evening, February 19, they surpassed themselves by giving a grand ball in the Town Hall which was without doubt one of the most brilliant affairs held in the town for some years, and was most thoroughly enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. Among the many beautiful costumes worn, I noticed the following: Mrs. Anderson of Arthur, cardinal satin, richly trimmed with black silk lace; Mrs. W. H. Kingston of Mount Forest, lawn satin court train over a skirt of cream satin with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Yeomans, electric blue brocade, richly trimmed with old point lace, pearl ornaments; Mrs. J. Hunter of Durham looked elegant in black satin and lace with yellow gloves and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Reid of Fergus, cream moire, lace and diamonds; Mrs. Jamieson, black satin, white flowers. Among the belles Miss Marie C. Strong of Mount Forest looked beautiful in a court train of silver grey satin over a skirt of steel beads with pink satin panels; Miss Coyne of Mount Forest was much admired in a beautiful gown of pale pink satin, gold ornaments and pearls; Miss Henderson of Arthur, train of black velvet over a skirt of primrose satin; Miss McMullen of Mount Forest Nile green satin trimmed with tulle and flowers; Miss Hughes of Toronto looked pretty in cream satin, ornaments rubies; Miss Kate Strong pale pink satin and cardinal plush, pearl ornaments; Miss Maggie Henderson, black satin; Miss Etta Wilkes, cream cashmere and lace; Miss Tuck of Orangeville, black satin; Miss Flesher of Orangeville, Nile green cashmere. These are a few of the costumes which I remember; but the ladies were without exception beautifully dressed.

The patronesses were Mesdames Wilkes, Kingston, Yeomans, Jamieson, Wilkinson, Colcleugh, Hagarty and Donnelly and the stewards, Messrs. W. H. Kingston, A. S. Clarke H. Coyne, E. W. Hagarty, C. W. Gardiner, W. McMullen, J. H. Gammond, W. L. Hampton and A. Lamont honorary secretary.

WHITBY.

The first annual ball of the Whitby Highland Club in the Music Hall, Tuesday night, was a very successful affair. In addition to the usual dances of a modern assembly, some interesting Scottish national da ces by the president and other officers of the club in kilts were executed. The hall was beautifully draped with tartans of the different clans. Among those present were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Howse and Miss Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ross, the Messrs. Grierson of Oshawa, Mrs. John Lawder of Port Perry, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Till, the Misses Dow, Mr. Hugh M. Ross, Miss Minnie Ham, Mr. A. Lawlor, Miss Paxton, Mr. Donald McGillivray, Miss Josephine McBrady, Messrs. Robert and William Campbell, Miss McCormack, Mr. W. Billings, Mr. D. C. Downey. The dresses of the ladies were in many instances charmingly in consonance with a Highlan' man's ideas of artistic costuming. The harpers played Old Scotia's airs with great acceptation.

MEAFORD.

Mrs. P. Fuller gave an At Home on Friday evening last at which quite a number of the young people of the town attended and spent a very pleasant evening.

On Thursday night last a sleighing party drove from here to Mr. Charles Grant's residence and there met a party from Clarksburg, and spent a most enjoyable evening in games, dancing, etc.

Quite a number of townspeople have received invitations to the bachelors' ball to be given in Thornbury next week and I shall report on it at that time.

Miss Bella Parker of Owen Sound is visiting at the residence of Mr. P. Fuller.

The Martha Washington reception, given by the ladies of Christ Church, took place on Friday evening of last week. The play represented a scene in the White House, nearly one hundred years ago, and was a brilliant success. Mr. Alexander Chisholm made a first-class George Washington, while Miss Sheppard acted as Mrs. Washington admirably. About twenty persons, representing the different prominent personages of that time, were introduced, and they looked really beautiful. The Octagon was danced at the close of their entertainment, and was done splendidly. The dancers presented a very gay and pretty appearance as they went gliding through the sparkling movements of this dance. The reception and dance was such a decided success that by special request it will be repeated on Tuesday evening, March 12.

BARRIE.

Mrs. Allan Lloyd gave a most delightful At Home last Tuesday evening. Those present whom I noticed were Mrs. Andros, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mockridge, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Miss Kortright, Mr. Charles Kortright, Miss Hewitt, Mr. Boys and the Misses Boys, Mr. and Miss Spry, Miss Brydon, the Misses Mason, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Mr. L. McCarthy, the Misses Bird, Mr. Schrieber and Miss Schrieber, Mr. Campbell and Miss Gracie Campbell, Mr. Esten, Mr. F. Lauder, Mr. Chas. Ardagh, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. T. Baker and Miss N. Baker, Miss T. Mason, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. A. Dyment, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Gillet, Mr. Chas. Andros, Mr. R. Andros, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. McGreggar, Dr. Ross, Mr. Jackson of Toronto, Mr. E. Rogerson, Miss Stephenson, Mr. F. Stephenson, Miss R. McDonell of Cobourg, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. W. Cameron.

Mr. Kirkland Kortright of the Bank of Toronto has been removed to Port Hope. This will be regretted very much by his many friends in town.

### He Got the Best of the Clergyman.

As a popular clergyman of New York was one day walking in Central Park, he met a well-known old Scotchman of weak intellect, named Jemmy.

"Pray," said the clergyman, "how long can a person live without brains?"

"I dinna ken," replied Jemmy, scratching his head. "How auld are ye yoursel'?"

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

IRELAND—On February 27, at 454 Euclid avenue, Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Ireland—a son.
BOND—On February 23, at Guelph, Mrs. John M. Bond—a daughter.
MARTIN—On February 22, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Martin—a son.
HAGUE—On February 23, at Montreal, Mrs. Frederic Hague—a son.
HYNES—On February 20, at Toronto, Mrs. M. J. Hynes—a daughter.
GOODERHAM—On February 21, at Toronto, Mrs. E. G. Gooderham—a son.
BANKS—On February 19 at Rosedale, Mrs. Greenhow Banks—a daughter
GREENE—On February 18, at Orillia, Mrs. Richard W. E Greene—a son.
McEACHERN—On February 17, at Toronto, Mrs. John McEachern—a daughter.
PEEIS—On February 19, at Toronto, Mrs. T Peeis—a son
MacFARLANE—On February 27, at Toronto, Mrs. J. F. M. MacFarlane—a son
MACLEOD—On February 22, at Toronto, Mrs. S. W. Bodley—a son.
CAMPBELL—On February 26, at Cheltenham, Ont., Mrs. J. L. Campbell—a son.
MacLEOD—On February 24, at Stamford, Mrs. W. N. M cLeod—a son.

### Marriages.

MEREDITH—OSLER—On February 26, at Toronto, Edmund Arthur Meredith to Isabel Osler of Selkirk, Manitoba.
JAMES—CLARK—On February 13, at Oakville, F. W. James of Ridgetown, to Isabella Helena Clark
LOYD—LEWIS—On February 4, at Pau, France, Llewelyn Foster Loyd to Rebecca Olivia, second surviving daughter of the Lord Bishop of Ontario.
CLEMENT—MAIN—On February 21 at Brampton, W. H. P. Clement to Elsie Latin Main of Brampton.
GLENNEY—HAYWARD—On February 20, at Cobourg, F. A. Glenney of Rochester, N. Y., to Dorothy Hayward.
LEISHMAN—GRAHAM—On February 20, at Toronto, Ont., John H. Leishman of Montreal, to Hattie J Graham.
SEGER—WILSON—On February 13, at Point Edward, Joseph R. Secor of Toronto to Maria Wilson of Goderich.
McDOUGALL—DOUDIET—At Toronto, Duncan McDougall to Mary Victoria Doudiet.
SYMONS—LAMBIERE—On February 20, at Brantford, Alf. H. Symons of Toronto to Birdie Lambiere of Brantford.
PAINE—WYLLIE—On February 27, at Owen Sound, Warren A. Paine of Sydney, Australia, to Jean (Madge) Wyllie.
ELLIS—PUGH—On February 26, at Washington, D. C., Richard Yates Ellis of Toronto to Laura Boulmer Pugh.
PEPLER—BROUGHALL—On February 27, at Toronto, Tom Stanley Gardner Pepler to Margaret Elizabeth Broughall.
SHELBY—DENNETT—On February 4, at Toronto, Edward George Shelby to Emma Dennett.

### Deaths.

STENNETT—On February 25, at Cobourg, Rev. Canon Stennett, M. A., rector of Cobourg, and formerly Principal of Upper Canada College, Toronto, aged 66 years.
GERRY—At Toronto, Frank Hayes, aged 1 year.
TOKER—On February 14, at Folkestone, Eng., Eliza Jeanette Toker, aged 80 years.
OWEN—On February 22, at Claymont, Del., Elizabeth Owen.
RUSSELL—On February 26, at Toronto, Mrs. J. S. Russell.
YOUNG—On February 26, at Toronto, George Paxton Young, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in University College, aged 70 years.
HAYES—At Toronto, Frank Hayes, aged 1 year.
FORD—On February 26, at Toronto, William John Ford, aged 74 years
HUTHERSTONE—On February 16, at Allegheny City, Penn., Capt. William Ashford Metcalfe Humberstone, aged 70 years.
TYLER—On February 26, at Toronto, Mrs. Morgan C. Tyler, aged 56 years.
MILLS—at Toronto, Mrs. William Mills, aged 69 years.
ROBINSON—On February 25, at Toronto, Wm. S. Robinson, aged 55 years.
FYFE—On February 23, at Toronto, James H. Fyfe, aged 46 years.
SEATON—On February 22, at Niagara Falls, Ont., John Smeaton, aged 74 years.
ENGLISH—On February 22, at Oshawa, Lyman English, LL.B., aged 50 years.
ADARE—On February 24, at Seaton Village, Henry Adare, aged 75 years.
SLOAN—On February 24, at Toronto, Phoebe Sloan, aged 46 years.
HEUGHAN—On February 25, at Toronto, Joseph Heughan, aged 5 years.
FOSTER—On February 25, at Toronto, Herbert G. Foster, aged 5 months.
TRIMBLE—On February 23, at Toronto, George Trimble, aged 32 years.
PRESCOTT—On February 22, at Parkdale, Wm. Prescott, aged 37 years.
PHAIR—On February 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Phair, aged 91 years.
EVANS—At Dungannon, Ireland, Edward Evans, aged 79 years.
NISBET—On February 22, at Oakville, Isabella Nisbet, aged 67 years.
McNEIL—On February 15, in the township of Colborne, county of Huron, Alexander McNeil, aged 45 years.
WILLSON—On February 20, at Winona, John Wellesley Willson.
SOUFFELLOW—On February 3, at Walsall, Staffordshire, Eng., Ada Boulmer.
QUINN—On February 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Susan Quinn.
ARKELL—On February 19, at West York Mills, John Arkell, aged 66 years.
WORRELL—On February 21, at Toronto, Mrs. George Worrell, aged 70 years.
BAILLIE—On February 18, at Calgary, N.W.T., Mrs. Wm. Baillie, aged 28 years.
KEIRER—On February 22, at Toronto, Patrick Keliher, aged 42 years.
GOWLAND—On February 21, at Toronto, Geo. Gowland, aged 36 years.


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MLLE. ADELE STRAUSS.....The Great Mezzo Soprano
Late of Strasbourg, Germany.
MRS. F. MacKELCAN of Hamilton. The Favorite Contralto
MASTER GEO. FOX.....The Wonderful Boy Violinist of America
MR. S. E. WALT of Boston.....The Renowned Tenor
MR. H. L. CLARKE.....Cornet
Mr. ED. W. SCHUCH.....Baritone
MR. FAX.....Comic
PROF. D. J. O'BRIEN.....Accompanist
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HIS WORSHIP MAYOR CLARKE will occupy the Chair.

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POSITIVELY ONLY ONE CONCERT
Mr. JULES LEVY
The World's Greatest Cornet Virtuoso
Absolutely without a peer, assisted by the following eminent European artists:
SIGNORA STELLA COSTA.....Soprano
The Distinguished European Prima Donna.
MISS KATHERINE MACNEIL.....Contralto
SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.....Tenor
SIGNOR MAINA.....Bass
and
HERR MAX MOZART.....Conductor
Reserved Seats 25c. and $1. Admission 50c.
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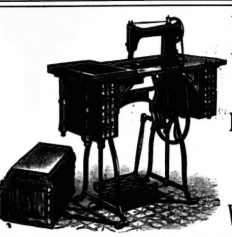

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VAIDIS TWIN SISTERS
In their thrilling entertainment, entitled TRAPEZONE ROTAIRE, using a solid silver apparatus, costing $5,000, patented in Europe and America. Miss Lizzie will make her marvelous dive of 100 feet from the drums of the theater—a truly magnificent performance. The French Grotesque Bar Performers, Napier and Marzello. The Vital Spark Vocalist and Dancer, Miss Polly McDonald. The Vocalists and Dancers, John and Nelly Healy. Great Irish Comedian, Vocalist, Dancer, John G. Sparks (Six years with Edward Harrigan in his various successes). The Charming Vocalists and Dialect Artists, Melville and Stetson. The Pleasing Vocalist, Miss Florence Miller. Last, but not Least, Pat Reilly, who, in connection with John G. Sparks, will present their Laughable skit, entitled
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# WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS.

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Western Assurance Company was held at its offices in this city on Thursday, the 21st instant, the President, A. M. Smith, Esq., being in the chair.

The Managing Director, Mr. J. J. Kenny, read the following

DIRECTORS' REPORT:

The Directors beg to submit the Annual Statement of the Company's Accounts for the year ending 31st December last, and have pleasure in being able to report to the Shareholders so favorable a condition of the affairs of the Company as these exhibit.

The total income, it will be observed, was $1,659,877.56, and after providing for all losses incurred during the year, and expenses of management, two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum have been paid upon the Capital Stock and $50,000 added to the Reserve Fund, while $7,853.72 remains at the credit of the Profit and Loss Account.

The total surplus funds of the Company now amount to $832,853.72, but of this the unexpired risks under policies current at the close of the year have to be provided for. The sum estimated as necessary to reinsure or run off these is $536,096.24, which leaves a net surplus over and above the capital and all liabilities of $296,757.48.

While congratulating the Shareholders on the gratifying result of the year's transactions, the directors desire to acknowledge their appreciation of the efficiency and zeal displayed by the officers and agents of the Company in securing and supervising the large volume of business which is summarized in the accompanying accounts:

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fire premium | $1,396,129 58 | |
| Marine premium | 647,760 43 | |
| | | $1,933,890 01 |
| Less re-insurance | | 316,261 50 |
| | | $1,617,628 51 |
| Interest account | | 42,249 05 |
| | | $1,659,877 56 |
| Fire losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31st, 1888 | | $672,919 65 |
| Marine losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31st, 1888 | | 383,775 64 |
| General expenses, agents' commission and all other charges | | 496,646 15 |
| Balance to profit and loss | | 107,535 91 |
| | | $1,659,877 56 |

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dividend paid July, 1888 | $25,000 00 | |
| Dividend payable January 8, 1889 | 25,000 00 | |
| | | 50,000 00 |
| Carried to reserve fund | | 50,000 00 |
| Balance | | 7,853 72 |
| | | $107,853 72 |
| Balance from last year | | $317 81 |
| Profit for the year, as above | | 107,535 91 |
| | | $107,853 72 |

LIABILITIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capital stock paid up | | $500,000 00 |
| Losses under adjustment | | 114,979 19 |
| Dividend payable January 8, 1889 | | 25,000 00 |
| Reserve fund | $825,000 00 | |
| Balance, profit and loss | 7,853 72 | |
| | | 832,853 72 |
| | | $1,472,832 91 |

ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| United States bonds | $534,005 00 |
| Dominion of Canada bonds | 179,917 50 |
| Loan company and bank stock | 124 530 00 |
| Company's building | 65,000 00 |
| Municipal debentures | 48,599 42 |
| Cash on hand and on deposit | 186,753 18 |
| Bills receivable | 59,531 48 |
| Mortgages | 22,100 00 |
| Re-assurance due from other companies | 31 218 31 |
| Interest due and accrued | 6,071 39 |
| Agents' balances and sundry accounts | 178,076 63 |
| | $1,472,832 91 |

A. M. SMITH, President.
J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

WESTERN ASSURANCE OFFICES, TORONTO, Feb. 14, 1889.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

*To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Co.:*

GENTLEMEN.—We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1888, and have examined the vouchers and securities, and find the same carefully kept, correct and properly set forth in the above statements.

R. H. CATHRON, JOHN M. MARTIN, F.C.A., } Auditors.

Toronto, Feb. 14, 1889.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the Stockholders on the favorable showing which the Company made at the close of the thirty-eighth year of its existence. He referred to the wide field over which the Company's business extended, embracing nearly every State in the Union, as well as some of the West India Islands, while in "this Canada of ours" the "Western" had become almost a household word from Nova Scotia in the East to Manitoba and British Columbia in the West.

The aim of the management during the past year has continued to be to make quality rather than quantity of business the first consideration, and in carrying out this policy they are working as far as possible upon the lines of the experience gained in the Company's various fields of operation, reducing the amounts carried on certain classes of risks, or cutting off altogether such as have yielded no profits in the past. There would have been no difficulty had they been less conservative, in showing a large increase in the premium income, but this might, perhaps, have been at the expense of the profit balance, and it would, moreover, have left a corresponding increased liability on current policies at the end of the year.

In the Fire Branch the results of the past year show an improvement on those of 1887, and with the maintenance of existing tariffs he thought that they might continue to look for a fair return upon the business transacted. It was scarcely necessary for him to tell the shareholders that at home the Western continues to maintain it position in the front rank, both as to the amount of its income and its low loss ratio and he was happy to say that the efforts during the past few years to place the Company's fire business in the United States on an equally satisfactory footing are meeting with encouraging success.

In its Inland and Ocean Marine Business the Company appears to have had a varied experience, for while a good profit is shown in some departments, in others this branch shows a considerable loss. Changes, however, which have been decided upon in the direction of discontinuing altogether certain lines of business will, it is hoped, bring about more uniformly satisfactory results in the future.

The total expense of conducting the business bears, within a small fraction of one per cent., the same ratio to income as last year, and he thought he was safe in saying that it is as low, if not lower, than the average expense ratio of companies doing a similar business.

The assets of the Company, amounting to nearly a million and a half dollars, consist of unquestionable securities, and would readily realize the figures at which they stand on the books.

The only item of the liabilities that might call for any reference was outstanding losses, of which in such a large business there must necessarily be a considerable number at all times awaiting further proof, and under adjustment; but he might say that by far the larger proportion of those that were outstanding on the 31st December were settled and paid in the early part of January.

He was sure that they would agree with him that in all that constitutes material prosperity, either from a shareholder's or a policy-holder's point of view, the statements presented show that the "Western" during 1888 had made a most gratifying step forward, and while they had not got far enough into the present year to venture to forecast what 1889 might bring forth, he felt that they might confidently look forward to at least a fair share of any good fortune it may have in store for those engaged in the business of Fire and Marine Underwriting.

William Gooderham, Esq., Vice-President, seconded the adoption of this Report, which was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks was passed to the Directors for their services during the past year.

Messrs. Wm. Anderson and J. K. Nevin were appointed to act as scrutineers, and reported the following gentlemen unanimously re-elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. M. Smith, Wm. Gooderham, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robt. Beaty, A. T. Fulton, Geo. A. Cox, Geo. McMurrich, H. N. Baird and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board held subsequently, A. M. Smith, Esq., was re-elected President, and Wm. Gooderham, Esq., Vice-President for the ensuing year.

SIMCOE.

The most successful dance of the winter in Simcoe was given Friday evening by Mrs. D. Tisdale. The large house was comfortably filled. Progressive euchre was enjoyed by the non-dancers. The dancing-room, with conservatory just beyond, was very pretty when filled with lovely faces and dresses and fine-looking men. The strangers were Mr. and Miss Boultbee of Toronto, Miss Gordon and Miss Walker from Woodstock, Miss Doyle of Detroit. Among the ladies most constantly on the floor dancing were Miss Chadwick, Miss Gordon, Miss Grasett, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Mrs. Grasett. The dresses were all remarkably handsome, though I remember particularly those of Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. W. C. McCall, Miss Chadwick and Miss Gordon, who was certainly the belle of the ball. Among the gentlemen present I noticed Messrs. Wallace, F. Curtis, Jones, Cochrane, W. A. McCall, Burwell, Hilyard and Morson.

Very select driving parties seem to have taken the lead in Simcoe circles. I understand they have been very enjoyable.

Mrs. E. Grasett leaves for her home in California next Tuesday.

Miss Armstrong of Toronto is staying with Mrs. Duggan for the month.

Simcoe society has been pretty dull for some time owing to the absence of so many of her fair daughters, and, with the exception of a little snowshoeing and tobogganing, nothing of moment has taken place. Last week, however, found nearly all at home, and rumor has it that until Lent the young people will be kept busy. Among those who returned were Miss Tisdale, after a visit of some weeks among friends in New York, Toronto and other cities, bringing with her Miss Boultbee, of Toronto; Miss Mollie Willson, after a week at the carnival; Miss Grasett, after two weeks at Cayuga; Miss Chadwick, a few weeks at Toronto; Mrs. Grasett, two weeks at Brantford and Woodstock; Mrs. Cowdry, two weeks at Detroit; Miss Cowdry, from an extended visit to the Bermudas; Mrs. A. McCall, a few days in Toronto.


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